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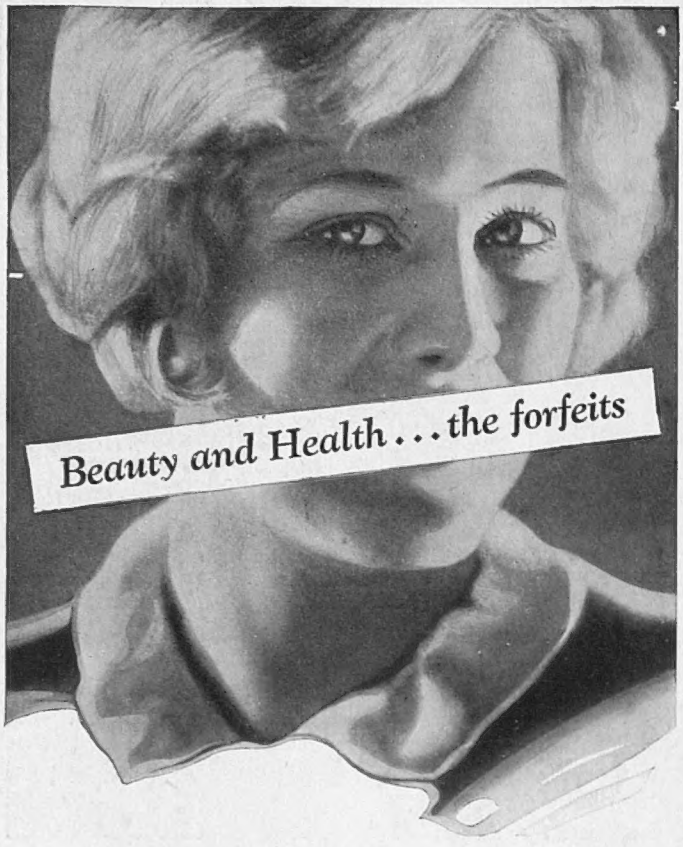

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A ruthless enemy that gives no quarter is Pyorrhœa. Its poisons sweep through the system, undermining health and often causing such serious ailments as rheumatism, neuritis, appendicitis, ulcers and stomach troubles.

Four out of five past 40, and thousands younger, pay this heavy toll. But you need not fear these uneven odds.

Go to your dentist at least twice a year. And start using Forhan's For the Gums to-day. This dentifrice prevents Pyorrhœa or checks its course.

It keeps gum tissue firm and healthy. It protects teeth against acids which cause decay. It keeps them white.

Use Forhan's For the Gums regularly, night and morning. Teach your children this good habit.

At all chemists.

Forhan's
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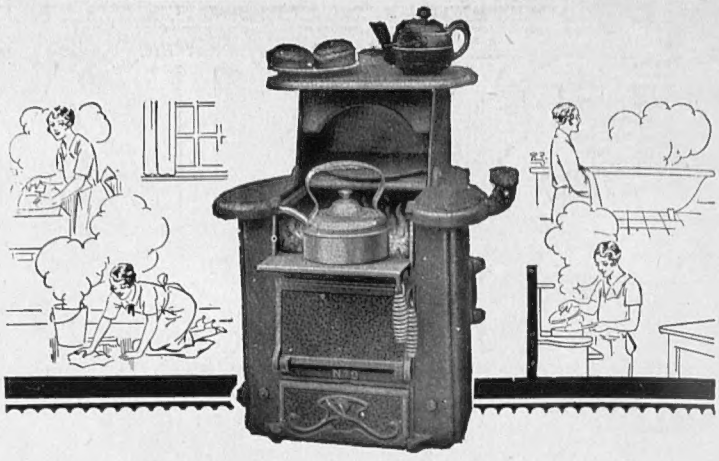
THOS. CHRISTY & Co., 4–12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE — *IT CHECKS PYORRHŒA*



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Masters the Hair!

Anzora Cream for greasy scalps, will not soil hat linings or pillows, and Anzora Viola for dry scalps, containing a little oil of violets. Both are sold in **1/6** and **2/6** (double quantity) bottles by hairdressers, chemists and stores.

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The Bystander, March 30, 1927 No. 1215. Vol. XCIII

The BYSTANDER

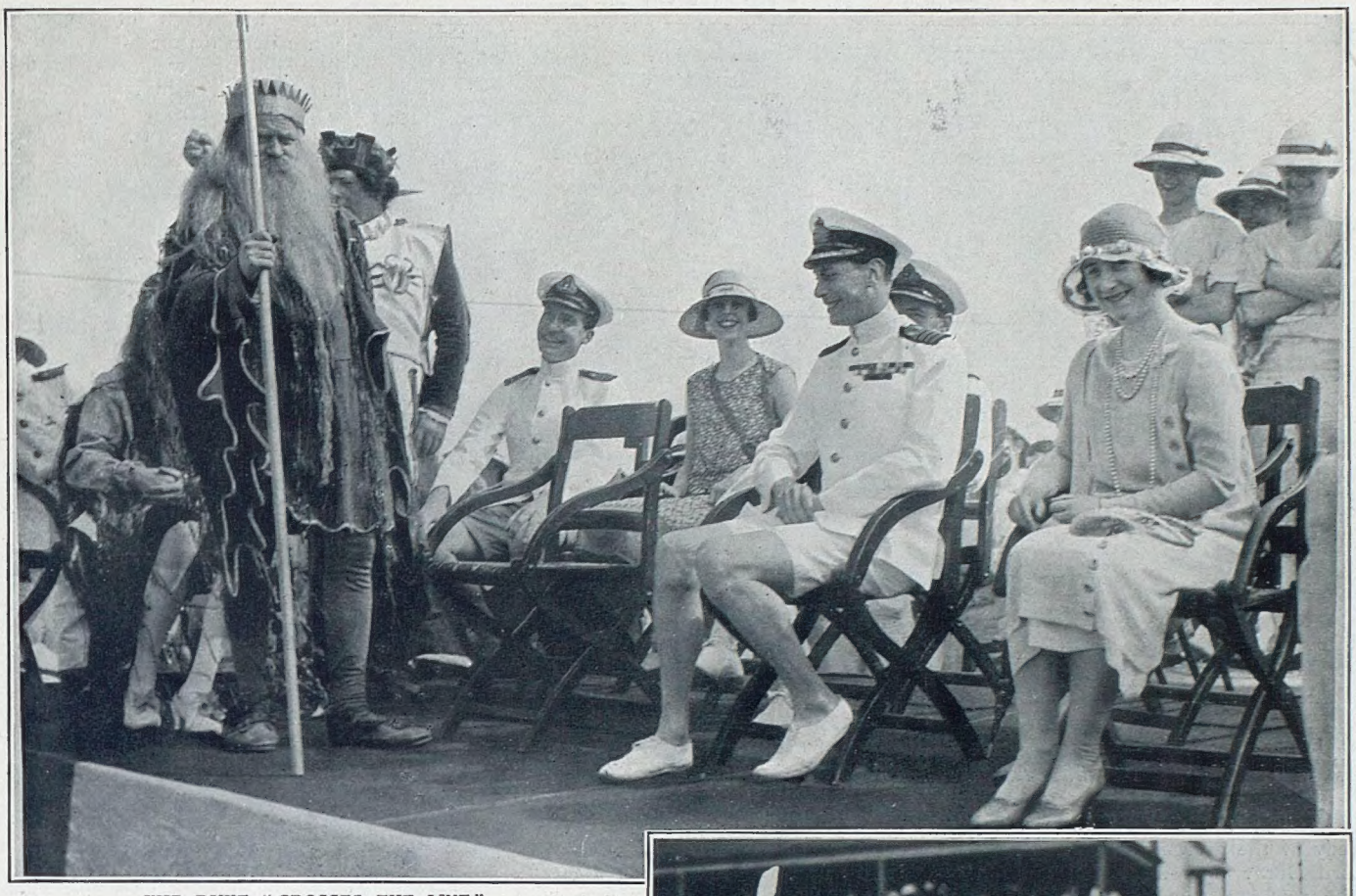
"Till we 'meet' again"

NEARING THE END OF THE SEASON

A Rowing Rhapsody in Blue

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

A page of impressions of the gentlemen who will settle the question of rowing supremacy between Oxford and Cambridge on Saturday, April 2, and who are the centre of attraction and, whether they like it or not, the cause of many heart flutterings among the feminine portion of the riverside community. At the time of going to press, W. S. Llewellyn, the Oxford stroke, is suffering from a slight attack of measles



THE DUKE "CROSSES THE LINE"

The Duke and Duchess of York photographed on H.M.S. Renown crossing the line. King Neptune is also seen in the photograph, opening the Investiture

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A Piece of History

For those folks who care about history there is an interesting link between the King and the Earl of Derby, His Majesty's host last week at Knowsley for the Grand National. The King is descended from that Queen of Scotland, Margaret, who was the elder daughter of Henry VII; and Lord Derby is descended from the first Earl of Derby, who was the stepfather of Henry VII, having married as his second wife Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond, a great-granddaughter of Edward III's son, John o' Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, a duchy which is now a property of the occupant of the Throne.

The first Lord Derby received his earldom from his stepson, Henry VII, for his services at the Battle of Bosworth. It was he who took the crown from the battered helmet of the dead Richard III and placed it on the head of his victorious stepson, whose daughter was the King's ancestress.

An Uncomfortable Moment

The first Lord Derby, Thomas, had a brother, Sir William Stanley, who actually turned the tide of battle at Bosworth by deserting from Richard's side to Henry's. His reward was lavish, but ten years later he espoused the cause of Perkin Warbeck, an imposter who gave himself out to be one of the murdered sons of Edward IV. Sir William Stanley not only "lost his head" over Perkin Warbeck, but had it chopped off as well.

Photographs N.P.A.

ROYALTY IN FIJI

The Duke and Duchess of York photographed at the native ceremonies held in their honour at Suva, Fiji. With them is Sir Eyre Hutson, the Governor of Fiji

This was in February, on Valentine's Day, in the year of grace 1495. In the summer of that year Henry VII and his Queen—the White Rose of York, likewise an ancestress of the King—paid a State visit of nearly a month's duration to the beheaded Sir William Stanley's brother, the Earl of Derby and his Countess, at Knowsley. The royal entertainment was on a most magnificent scale—just as it is to-day, that is a tradition in the Derby family. But the Earl's

IN GOOD COMPANY *Miss Compton Collier*

Mrs. Edmond Foljambe photographed in the beautiful grounds of Osberton Hall, Worksop, with three other nature lovers. Before her marriage Mrs. Foljambe was Madia, daughter of Bogdan Lis de Rudnicki, of Siekierzynce, Podolia, Russia

jester raised the shadow of the family tragedy of the preceding February.

Lord Derby took his Royal stepson on to the roof at Knowsley to see the view. His jester, seeing King Henry draw near the edge of the leads which then were unprotected by any balustrade, to quote an old Lancashire chronicle, "Stepped up to the Earl, and pointing down the precipice, said, 'Tom, remember Will!'"

Henry VII, understanding the jester's meaning, "made all haste down the stairs and out of the house; and the fool long after seemed mightily concerned that his lord had not the courage to take the opportunity of revenging himself for the death of his brother."

When this first Earl of Derby died it was recorded that "no lord in the country was half so great a lord as he." And the great lordship, with all that it entails of public duty and public responsibility, has gone on through close on five centuries. More than once the present Lord Derby, a worthy inheritor of those vast responsibilities, has warned us that with him the ancient circumstance of the house of Stanley, Earls of Derby, so carefully fulfilled, so brilliantly supported for over four centuries, will pass away.

It's just a world of taxes nowadays, and the taxes seem to get everything, sooner or later.

The Shakerleys and Cheshire

THE news of the death of Lady Shakerley has caused much regret in Cheshire, where, until some eighteen months ago, she and Sir Walter Shakerley lived at Somerford Park, near Congleton, a property which had belonged to the Shakerley family for centuries. The summer before last Sir Walter disposed of the contents of the house in a five days' sale, which attracted buyers from all over the country, and Somerford, with the estate of nearly three thousand acres, was also put up for sale. The house is particularly fine, with a private chapel and some sixty or seventy rooms.

Sir Walter and Lady Shakerley then went to live at Bournemouth, thus breaking a family connection with Cheshire which had existed since the reign of Henry III. Once upon a time Somerford Park, like Chillingham Castle, Lord Tankerville's place in Northumberland, was noted for a herd of white cattle, but those at Somerford were hornless. They were supposed to be the link between the breeds under domestication and the wild herds which roamed about the forests of ancient Britain.

A SERIOUS BUSINESS *Lenare*

Lady Elizabeth Dalkeith, the five-year-old daughter of Lord and Lady Dalkeith, with her brother, Lord Eskdaill, who is a year younger, take photography with becoming seriousness. They are seen in the dresses they wore as attendants on Miss Diana Lascelles at her wedding

A Chance for British Artists

WHEN you come to think of it, the work of artists has little chance of being seen except by a circumscribed public, and that for the most part in London. Sir Joseph Duveen is of the opinion that if people who have not the opportunity of going to picture exhibitions in London were given that opportunity in their own towns and cities our artists would benefit materially, and there would grow up an understanding and knowledge of modern art. With great generosity he has therefore founded the British Artists' Exhibitions, which is in reality a perambulating exhibiton of pictures selected by a committee, of which Sir William Orpen is the chairman.

The scheme has been inaugurated in Leeds, where the 345 pictures chosen by the Committee are being exhibited in the

THE RISING GENERATION *Lenare*

The Hon. Patrick Plunket, the son of Lord and Lady Plunket, submits with a good grace to be photographed in wedding attire. He was one of the bride's retinue at the wedding of Miss Diana Lascelles and Mr. D. B. Daly, Royal Horse Guards

RECENTLY ENGAGED *Photopress*

The Hon. Joan Yarde-Buller, the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Churston, photographed at Lancaster Gate with her fiancé, Mr. Loel Guinness. Their wedding will be one of the features of the Season

City Art Gallery, and from Leeds they will be taken to other big cities. To judge by the interest roused in Leeds by the exhibition there would seem to be every possibility of Sir Joseph Duveen's great generosity bringing a wider field and a wider market to our artists—both of which they need badly.

Our Ancestors' Appetites

OUR ancestors must have had hefty appetites judging by the following menu of a dinner at Castle Howard, in the time of the third Earl of Carlisle.

JUNE YE 19TH, 1716.
WHEN LD. CARLISLE AND THE LADIES DINED HERE.

SOUP.
ROAST MUTTON. ORANGE PUDING.
CALVES' HEAD HASH.
BOILED HAM AND CHICKENS.

COLLOPS FOR CHANGE DISH.

5 YOUNG TURKIES.
PEASE. FRY.
TARTS.
FRY'D FISH. HARTICHOAKS.
2 TONGUES.

STEWED GREEN APRICOCKS.
STRAWBERRIES. CORRANS.
COLD POPETS.
CHERRIES. CREAM.
CREAM CHEESE.

I've often wondered when the order of our dinners was set—soup, fish, entrée, etc. This menu shows that two hundred years ago soup, as now, began the meal, but the fish was served between the sweet and the dessert, a custom that still obtains in out of the way places in Italy, which certainly goes to show that it was once general both in England and on the Continent. Otherwise the order of the meal is precisely the same as our own to-day, meat preceding bird.

London Houses

THE Earl of Shaftesbury, I hear, is disposing of Chandos House, which he bought some years ago from Cora Countess of Strafford, who moved to Grosvenor Square,

Hay Wrightson

MISS DOROTHY MILLER

Daughter of Brig.-General A. D. Miller. Her fiancé, Capt. Sir Alexander Stanier, is Assistant Military Secretary at Gibraltar

E. O. Hoppé

MRS. XENIA MORISON

Who has become engaged to Lord Lathom. She is helping her fiancé with the furniture shop which is one of his many activities

Quick Pictures

A BETROTHAL OF THE MONTH

A photograph taken recently of Mr. E. D. Rice and Miss Marcella Duggan, daughter of the Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston, whose engagement has aroused great interest. Miss Duggan was a great favourite of her stepfather, the late Marquess Curzon of Kedleston

where she has the Marquess of Bath and Lord Leigh for next-door neighbours. Then Lady Louis Mountbatten has let Brook House, in Park Lane, which she inherited from her grandfather, Sir Ernest Cassel, to the Argentine Minister, Señor Don Evaristo Uriburu. The British Minister to the Argentine, Sir Malcolm Robertson, is, I am told, to be raised to the rank of an Ambassador, in which case Señor Don Evaristo Uriburu will become Argentine Ambassador here.

He is not only extremely rich, but he and his wife are amongst the most popular members of the Diplomatic Corps in London, and some brilliant entertaining may be expected this season at Brook House.

Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema's famous house in St. John's Wood, with its mosaics, marbles, and Byzantine music-room, which is said to have cost the artist some £70,000, has found a tenant in Sir Philip Chetwode, who was in command at Aldershot. There is a garden of three-quarters

Alfieri

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF RACING

Three people at the Army and Pytcheley Hunt Point-to-Point at Holdensby who gave the lie to the old adage that the English take their pleasures sadly. They are Lord and Lady Cromwell and Mrs. Massey

of an acre. The house, I believe, has been something of a white elephant to Alma-Tadema's daughters. It belongs to that period when it was considered essential that a successful artist should be gorgeously housed, and in an abode of his own designing. Leighton House, in Kensington, the home of Lord Leighton, and Herkomer's house at Bushey, are other instances, but Alma-Tadema's house surpassed all the others in the magnificence of its decoration.

"Pricking the Sheriffs"

I WISH I could remember, but for the life of me I can't, under which of our sovereigns the practice of pricking the names of the sheriffs of counties with a silver bodkin each year by the reigning monarch began. My recollection is that once upon a time the sovereign made a mark with a pen against the names chosen, and that on one occasion, gout, or accident, prevented a monarch holding a pen, the pricking by the silver bodkin was substituted, and the custom has gone on ever since.

Alfieri

A POPULAR CARD GAME

Lady Ipswich and Major Nicholls seeking to tell the immediate future by the race card. They were photographed at the Army and Pytcheley Hunt Point-to-Point

It's a toss-up between Queen Anne and Queen Victoria, because no male sovereign would have a silver bodkin, would he? Your Bystander may be all wrong, but he inclines to the time of Queen Anne. If I am wrong I hope some kind, knowledgeable person amongst you will put me right. It would be most interesting to know the actual origin of the custom.

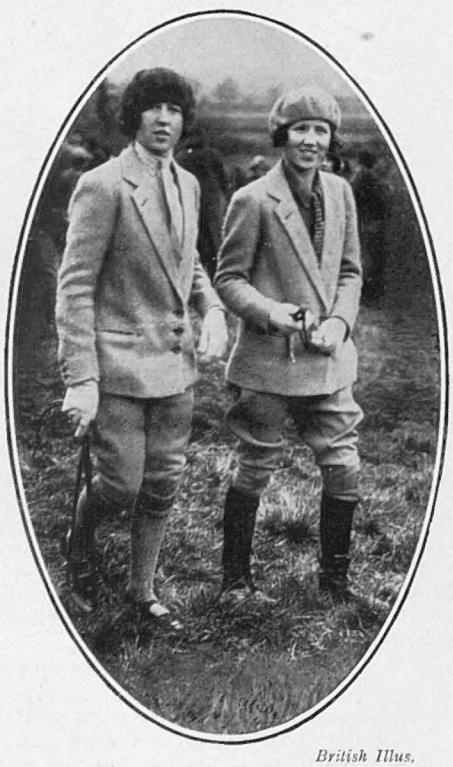
Two counties do not appear on the list, Lancashire and Cornwall, because they are Duchies held by the King and the Prince of Wales, who appoint their own sheriffs. For his County Palatine of Lancaster the King this year has chosen Lieut.-Colonel Sir James Reynolds, who is now the owner of Levens Hall, in Westmorland, that beautiful old place which has the finest topiary work of any garden in England, and which belonged to the late Mr. Richard Bagot.

This year's Sheriff of Northamptonshire will be Mr. G. H. Drummond, at whose house, Pitsford Hall, the Prince of Wales stabled his horses when he first took up hunting.

The Late Mr. Warwick Reynolds

ALL BYSTANDER readers will remember the brilliant drawings of the late Mr. Warwick Reynolds, who was actually at work on a picture for this paper when he died so suddenly last year. For this reason most of you I expect will be glad to know that there is a memorial exhibition of Mr. Reynolds's work at the Sporting Gallery in King Street, Covent Garden; and some of you, I hope, will take this opportunity of securing an example of his work, which is unique and absolutely outstanding.

Mr. Reynolds's versatility is shown in oils, charcoal, and etchings, and from this exhibition you gather the astonishing range of that versatility in a way which was impossible from the pages of a periodical. His observation of birds and animals was amazingly close, and his reproduction of what he observed had the touch of genius.



British Illus.

The MISSES CHRISTINA and SHEILA PARAVICINI

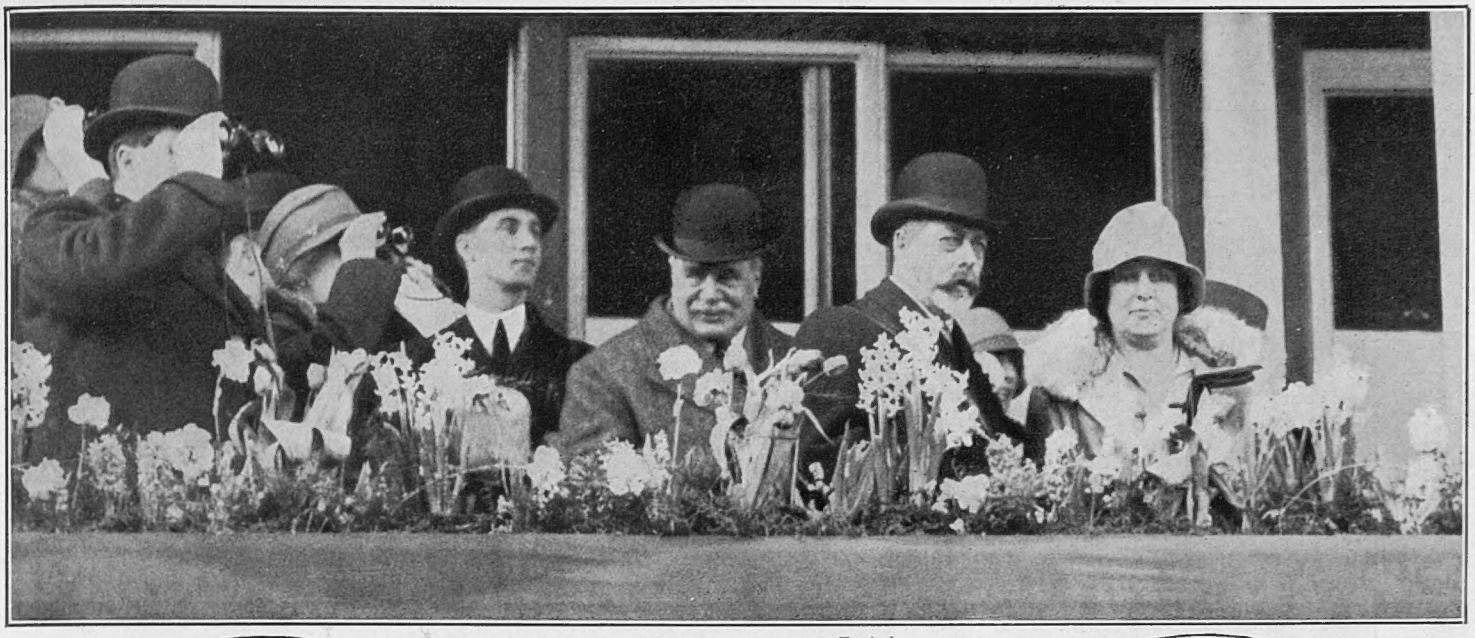
Sport and General

LORD LONDESBOROUGH, MRS. MOUNTJOY and MISS WYNDHAM

Sport and General

LADY WARRENDER

Some of those who were present at the recent Point-to-Point meeting of the Belvoir. It was held at Harrowby



Topical

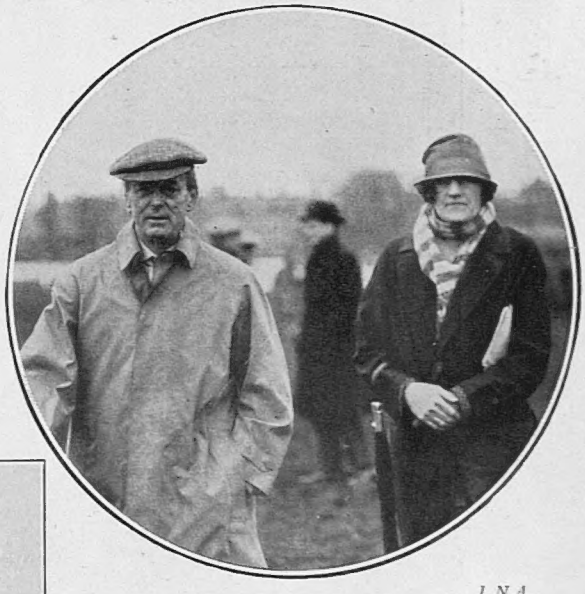
HIS MAJESTY with LORD DERBY and LADY MAR and KELLIE

THE CAMERA AT AINTREE

A trio of photographs from the Aintree course. The King witnessed the success of Sprig in the Grand National last Friday

L.N.A.

LORD and LADY STANLEY



L.N.A.

The HON. GEORGE and MRS. LAMBTON

The Beethoven Centenary

THE Beethoven Centenary has been marked by an effort not only to bring the works of the great composer within the reach of everybody who possesses a gramophone, but also a knowledge of the man, his aims and achievements in music. This has been done by means of lectures, each one of which is illustrated by gramophone records by the Columbia Company, which has been working in close sympathy with the Beethoven Centennial Advisory Board. These records give the best interpretations possible of Beethoven's music, as you will understand when I tell you that they have been made by the Royal Philharmonic Society; the New Queen's Hall Orchestra, under Sir Henry Wood; the Hallé Orchestra, under Sir Hamilton Harty; the London Symphony Orchestra, under Sir Thomas Beecham and Felix Weingartner; Friedman, the great pianist, who played at the Viennese Centennial performances; the Lener Quartette; and other Beethoven authorities.

Co-operation in Opera

LONDON has a good deal to learn from the provinces in the way of music. Last autumn a little band of singers with Mr. W. Johnstone-Douglas—who you will remember as the king in *The Immortal Hour*—at their head, started an opera season at Bristol on a co-operative basis. It was so successful that they have come to the Kingsway Theatre for a few weeks, where they are giving Mozart's opera, *Cosi fan Tutte*. A more joyous and delightful performance of a joyous and delightful opera you could not wish for. *Cosi fan Tutte*, which has been anglicised into *The School for Lovers*, by the Rev. Marmaduke Brown, who has translated the Italian libretto of Da Ponte, has always been overshadowed by *Figaro*, but its music shows Mozart at some of his happiest moments, especially in the concerted numbers. At the Kingsway they give the opera precisely in the gay, light-hearted way in which it was written. And when you add thereto some remarkably good singing, the combination gives one of the best performances of the opera I have ever seen. Mr. W. Johnstone-Douglas and Mr. Steuart Wilson are the lovers; Miss Louise Trenton and Miss Dorothy d'Orsay, who was also in *The Immortal Hour*, the two ladies they deceive; and Mr. Arthur Cranmer the cynical Don Alfonso.

Topical

WELL OVER

Miss Mary Seaton winning the Ladies' Hunt Race in the Old Berkeley and Halton Camp Point-to-Point Steeplechase, with a considerable degree of sang-froid. The meeting was held at Kimble, near Aylesbury

A Correction

IN our issue of March 23 we published a photograph, taken at the golf match between the House of Commons and Sandy Lodge Golf Club, which was described as being of Sir Herbert Cayzer, M.P., and Mr. J. Stanley Wise. We regret that this was incorrect, the photograph being of Sir Herbert Cayzer and Mr. J. Stanley Holmes.

"The Rustle of Spring" in the Park

BEFORE EXERCISE

Youthful riders line up for the photographer before getting on with the serious business of the morning. The photograph shows Michael and Judy the children of the Hon. Mrs. Ian Leslie-Melville (left). Miss Diana Fisher and the Hon. Joan and the Hon. Elizabeth Isaacs

Photographs ON THE RAILS *Quick Pictures*

Lady Eileen Forbes (left), Lady Moira Forbes, Viscountess Curzon, the Hon. Georgina Curzon and the Misses Yarborough in the Park. The advent of Spring has seen London's parks filled with fresh-air lovers

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

A Question of the Hour

THE gentleman who rode his horse on the pathway and the draft proposals for the Road Traffic Bill combine to make motor traffic the question of the hour. I have great sympathy with the former and great hopes of the latter. It is all wrong that you cannot ride a horse without risking your neck. It will be all right if motorists who use the magnificent new roads are allowed to do so without the vexatious restrictions now existing.

Sympathetic Attitudes

YOU will ask me how I can reconcile these two sympathetic attitudes of mine. Either I must ride with the horse or drive with the car. My answer is that the whole question of road traffic is in a state of flux, and it behoves us all to have patience until the problem is solved by a process of national evolution. The lot of the motorist must become easier. The lot of the horseman will, I am afraid, become more difficult. There is no place for him upon the slippery ways devised by the Road Board.

Hope for the Horse

WILL the unfortunate horseman be eventually driven from the highways as they become more and more suitable for motor traffic? I am afraid he will. I should be very sorry for the modern Dick Turpin who tried to ride to York along the Great North Road. I foresee the day when police will be posted along our roads urging the motorist to "Hurry along, please," after the fashion of the "speeder-up" on the Underground; and on that day I see the man who rides a horse on a motor road being arrested for cruelty to animals. The only hope for the horse is that the great arterial roads will absorb the motor traffic and the lesser roads will degenerate into bridle tracks, with grass growing between the ruts. It may still be possible for Dick Turpin to ride to York by such devious routes as these.

I Am Perturbed

I HAVE been reading Winston Churchill's latest volumes on the War, and I am very perturbed. For Mr. Churchill, in telling the world how the War might have been won at half the cost in half the time, has provided an invaluable handbook for future belligerents. Left to themselves, the Germans did none too badly, and what they will do with Mr. Churchill's book to assist them goodness only knows. Whether the author would have sunk the German fleet at Jutland I cannot say. Whether he would have found a way to finish the stalemate on the Western Front in 1916 is a moot point. But no one can deny that his summing-up on the various situations then existing must be invaluable to the general staff of any army that crosses those battlefields in years to come.

History with a Punch

CONSIDERED as literature, the book is a really great effort. It is history with a punch, and I envy the schoolboys of the

APRIL THE FIRST!

By David Wilson

future when it becomes a handbook in the schools. It is also as poetic as it is pugnacious. Allowing for the alteration of one word, here is a passage lifted from Mr. Churchill's magnificent prose peroration:—

New youth is here to claim its rights,
And the perennial stream
Flows forward in the battle zone
As it were all a dream.

The Inspiration of Youth

There was a curious throw-back to the War when Sir Alan Cobham returned from America to see his lately arrived son for the first time. How many young subalterns had that curious experience during those hectic days! And how many of them were robbed of it! There must be many boys of school age who have never seen their fathers, and we can only hope that they find their compensation in the inspiration to be drawn from their loss.

When We Are Very Dead

"In this country," says Dr. W. B. Selbie, "we generally wait till a man is dead to tell him what we think of him." I admit that many of the pleasant things are said for the first time in the form of epitaphs, but there are other opinions, less flattering to the recipient, that are quite easily come by during one's lifetime. I have heard it said that, "in this country we do not praise people until they are very rich or very dead," and that, I imagine, is what Dr. Selbie had in mind.

Hot Air

May I be allowed to express my disgust, contempt, and utter annoyance with those politicians who, for political reasons, are trying to kill the British film industry. Says one splendid fellow: "We have not the clear air to produce films in this country." What futile rubbish, when half the films of the world are produced under cover and in artificial light! We certainly have the hot air in this country to prevent the production of British films!

Nothing to Cry About

While our politicians, as I have said, are busily engaged in driving "the pictures" out of this country, the Americans are buying those other pictures that have long been the pride of our old families. I am afraid, however, that this does not worry me so much as it does some people. Suppose that a noble lord sells a few Dutch masters for a hundred thousand pounds and uses the money in developing his English estates. Is that anything to cry about?

A Joyous Affair

I should hate anyone to think that I hold Art in low esteem. The recent Flemish Exhibition at Burlington House was an entirely joyous affair. Some of the pictures that the Earl of Northbrook is said to have sold were on loan at that exhibition and were greatly appreciated. But it is just as well to remember that most of our private art treasures are not usually accessible to the public, and their retention, or otherwise, is not therefore a particularly vital affair so far as our national life is concerned.

Strong Words

I don't agree with everything that my morning paper asks me to believe, but when it attacks the foolish passport system I am entirely on its side. Visitors to the Continent are "hampered, harassed, angered and delayed by a passport system which is wholly senseless because it is so utterly useless. It is time that the foolish and meaningless device was abolished." Strong words, but thoroughly justified.

A Net to Catch a Criminal

I suppose it will be argued that this passport system acts as a net in which a criminal is occasionally caught. One might as well defend Prohibition by saying that it prevents an occasional case of drunkenness. One might as well defend vexatious traffic restrictions because some foolish person occasionally drives to the common danger. You cannot penalise a community for the backslidings of the individual.

BY BLAM

A PORTRAIT

"Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea"

BULWER LYTTON

The Oxford Crew

Exclusive to "The Bystander"

A photograph of the Oxford Crew in action Their names are: N. E. Whiting (Radley and Worcester) bow, P. Johnson (Tonbridge and Magdalen) 2, E. T. C. Edwards (Westminster and Christ Church) 3, J. D. W. Thomson (Eton and University) 4, W. Rathbone (Radley and Christ Church) 5, H. T. Kingsbury (Yale and Queen's) 6, T. W. Shaw (Shrewsbury and Christ Church) 7, W. S. Llewellyn (Eton and Balliol) stroke (indisposed at the time of going to press), Sir J. Croft (Eton and Brasenose) cox, and K. N. Irvine, one of the spare men

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RUGGER REACTIONS

By "PENDARVES" *Sketches by MAC*

AN EPIC

THERE was everything that Rugger man, or woman, could desire for the setting of that scene and for the deeds that were done that day. Edinburgh invaded by all the Rugger-loving world. Princes Street a kaleidoscope of gay colour, movement, and laughter all morning—a bleak desert by 2.15, for the whole world was streaming towards Murrayfield then. A warm Spring day; the turf smooth, terribly fast; bands playing; people greeting people they hadn't "seen for years." A pent-up excitement gripping all of us; we were to be present at a gorgeous fight; we had a ticket in our pocket—the world was a very nice place that day.

There were 60,000 people round the ground by 2.30. When England appeared upon the scene at 3.15 140,000 eyes watched that white-clad knot of men trot into the arena. Never has there been such a vast concourse of spectators at any Rugger match in the history of the game. And when the dark blue and white shirts of Scotland appeared tumult rose to heaven.

There was no knowing what might happen. Both countries had tested their sides in the flame of past fights. Of all thirty men there was only one, Pratten, on our side amongst the forwards who had never faced an international ordeal; and he is not of the stuff that nerves are made of. On paper there was no superiority to one side or the other. An epic battle was at hand.

I lived entirely on my jangled nerves during that zero hour, for I looked down from that colossal stand upon a view that will never leave my memory. It was enough just to gaze upon it all to get that queer tightening of the throat muscles, the rather shaky hand. Edinburgh Castle and Arthur's Seat looming up in the haze ahead. In the immediate foreground that immense wall of faces, watching, waiting, singing, cheering. And when the ground was wedged with a vice of packed, eager humanity the Cameron Highlanders' band must needs play "The More We are Together the Merrier We'll Be!"

The teams line up; the pause; Herbert Waddell's raised hand; the front line of forwards begin to move, and instantly there breaks out that roar from seventy thousand throats that continues for those eighty awful minutes. Awful because acute crisis, and crisis following upon crisis, is sometimes more than the human mind can sustain. Frankly, I was glad when it was all over. I had almost reached the end of my tether of tautness. I flopped then—as did most other people. We were, I think, all as mentally tired as the players were physically exhausted.

For you must understand that for eighty minutes drama flicked across the screen of drama. Put briefly and in cold, matter-of-fact print, our absorbed, gluttonous eyes watched:—A spectacular try by the Scottish three-quarters in the first three minutes. Gibbs in for England within five minutes of the kick-off. England leading by two points. Ian Smith in for Scotland again. Scotland now leads by one point. Ian Smith in again. Scotland leads by four points. A penalty goal to England. Their lead reduced to one point. Half-time. Phew! my sainted aunt—this sort of thing can't go on, dash it all! . . .

The play up to this point had been terrific in its pace and fierceness. But every man was trained to the last ounce, and seemed nonchalantly equal to another forty minutes of fortissimo footer. England sucks its lemons; has a head to head conference with Corbett and "Wakers"; changes ends and begins all over again, only more so.

Then falls a tragedy like a flail upon us. Catcheside is crocked. A pause while he hobbles off to get a bandage. He returns, but is quite useless, and eventually disappears. Stark comes out of the scrum, and we carry on without him. It is all right. Those seven forwards are more than holding their own. They did until the end; inspired, no doubt, by Wakefield's magnificent example. Then Waddell must needs go and drop one of those deadly goals of his. Scotland now 13, England 8. Then a superb corkscrew run and a try by Jimmy Dykes. Scotland 18, England 8.

Time is slipping by.

Hereupon looms into the foreground of affairs the indomitable fighting Wakefield, as tough as ever, as fast as ever, as fierce as always. He starts an English rally. The whole side gathers momentum and bears down upon the Scottish line. Laird is in. We convert our try. England now 13, Scotland 18.

There are still a few precious minutes; there is still time. Again Wakers leads our rushing van. *Again* are we almost in. Young is playing magnificently; also Corbett—all, in fact, it is England's last desperate chance. . . . The Scotch forwards are cracking. They are finished! NOW! . . . But no; Scotland nips in yet once again—and all is over. Scotland 21, England 13.

How can one criticise this game? Why should anyone try? International Rugby at its fastest and finest. An epic, in fact. A game that will live when many another game has died. What more does one want, now or in the hereafter? Nothing . . .

C. C. BISHOP

Who is the new partner in the all-English firm of Young and Co. He plays fly-half to Young in the Blackheath side, so against France "The Club" pair should be a strong combination

ENGLAND'S SCRUM HALF

A. T. Young, the small but resourceful basis of the "Club" back line. He played one of the best games of his life against Scotland at Murrayfield

Produced February 24, 1927

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a fine, exciting play about life in the Malay Peninsula, which, I see by the map, is east of Suez, where we have been given to understand the Ten Commandments do not adequately function. As the curtain rises we see Mrs. Leslie Crosbie (Miss Gladys Cooper) chasing Geoffrey Hammond (Mr. S. J. Warmington) round the drawing-room of her bungalow with a revolver in her hand. She calls him a cur, and then shoots him dead. Not satisfied with that, she stands over his body and empties her revolver into his corpse, perhaps in obedience to the French motto that says there are some dead who ought to be killed, though in this case it seems to be a clear waste of good lead. Having finally and completely shot the fellow, Mrs. Crosbie telephones for her husband and her solicitor.

IT is obvious that there is going to be an interesting explanation of this tragic event, as, of course, you can't go killing off your leading characters in the first two minutes of a play without having to answer for it. Therefore to her husband, Mr. Crosbie (Mr. Nigel Bruce), and her solicitor (Mr. Leslie Faber) Mrs. Crosbie tells her dramatic story, which subsequently proves to be anything but the truth. With suitable emotion she explains that Mr. Hammond had heard that her husband would be away from home that evening, and so he looked in for a drink. As an old friend of the family he was, of course, welcome to any number up to the stipulated eight. Mr. Hammond, however, she says, did not behave as he should have done. He began by paying her fluffy compliments, and ended by taking her in his arms and dragging her towards the adjoining room for an improper purpose. She managed to wrench herself free, and hence the shooting.

Stage Photo Co.

AFTER THE KILLING

Robert Crosbie (Nigel Bruce) tries to comfort his wife Leslie (Gladys Cooper) after she has shot Geoffrey Hammond when he visited her in her husband's absence. The true reason for the killing is divulged later in the proceedings

IT is a plain, unvarnished story, and, on the face of it, credible, and therefore we all sympathised with the poor dear lady who had undergone such an ordeal. For the moment, however, there is nothing to be done but to adjourn to Singapore and inform the authorities. Mrs. Crosbie will, as a matter of fact, be accused of murder, but her solicitor assures her that with the evidence in his possession her acquittal is certain. Besides, it is well known in the Settlement that the late Mr. Hammond was cohabiting with a Chinese woman, so that his death will excite no resentment in the bosom of a jury of very white men. There is just one thing the solicitor does not understand. Once Mr. Hammond had been shot and incapacitated, it hardly seemed necessary to fill him up with lead. Is it possible that Mrs. Crosbie had reasons, not communicated to him, for Hammond to be not only wounded, but completely dead, since dead men tell no tales?

THE Second Act takes us to the gaol at Singapore, where the solicitor comes for the usual interview with his client. Just then his Chinese clerk (a most diverting performance by Mr. George Carr) sidles into the room and mentions in the unemotional Chinese way that a friend of his possesses a letter written by Mrs. Crosbie to Mr. Hammond on the fatal day. Mr. Hammond's Chinese lady friend has, it would seem, inherited the letter by the simple process of taking it from the pocket of his other coat. Now it would be very awkward for Mrs. Crosbie if that incriminating letter got into the hands of the unfeeling prosecution. Therefore, the clerk's friend would be willing to hand the letter over for the trifle of ten thousand dollars; and as the friend is a very ignorant person, and understands currency only, it would be no use offering to pay the money by cheque. As the poet has told us, where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.

THIS leads up to a magnificently acted scene between Miss Cooper and Mr. Faber. Mrs. Crosbie comes into the room ready to repeat her first plausible explanation of the affair, but her solicitor quietly points out that a slight complication has arisen. There is the little matter of the

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"Hey, 'Willow' Waley O!"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Some ingenious suggestions for giving the bowler a better chance. We understand, on Mr. Heath Robinson's authority, that they are to be considered by the M.C.C. as alternatives to the new regulation for smaller cricket balls

"The Apache's" Lady Love

Sasha

MISS DOROTHY WARD

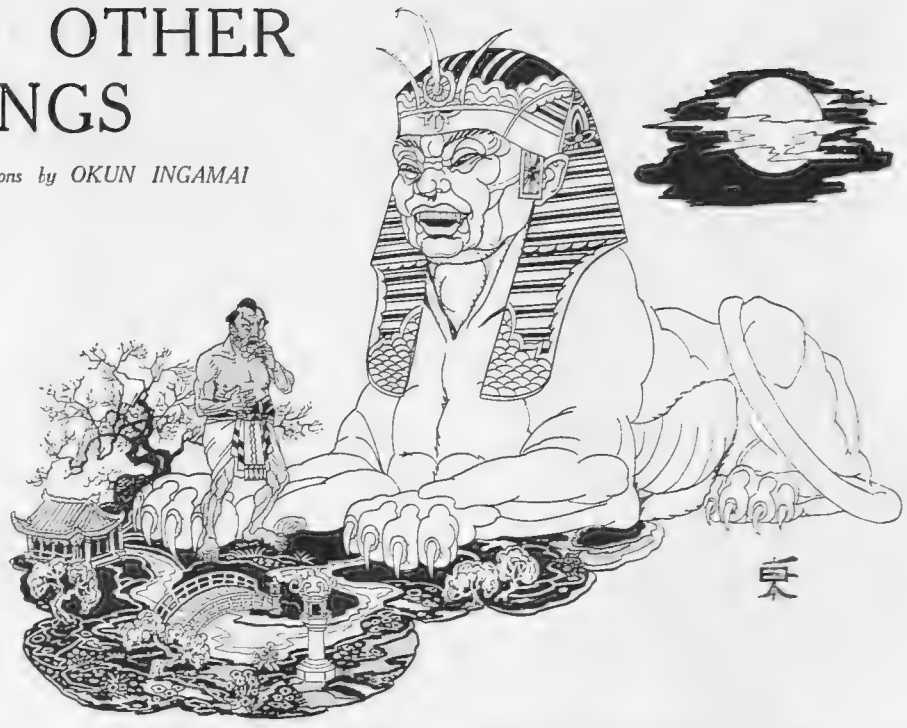
Who is one of the chief attractions of "The Apache," which is filling the Palladium nightly with rapturous admirers of the Underworld of Paris (Argyll Street section). Miss Ward is very much at home at the Palladium, where she has starred in many of its musical shows

GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA *Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI*

MOST DEAR HON. BYSTANDERS,—

THE as follows are further extractions from my Arabian diary which, I are emboldened to venture, are non-paralleled for the discoveries they depict. For instants, the Hardware Times in a very leading article says: "That so celebrate *literati* and big games hunter, Mr. Yogo Hama, are now displaying his foreign travels in Hon. Bystander. These saidly divulgings will non-doubtlessly become more classical as the *Arabian Deserter* and knock same into an entirely cocked hat. Mr. Y. Hama's so pure style, keen intelligents, observation powers and command of tongues, proves to show he are more as head and heels above his talentless contemporaries. It are more as a 1,000 pities that this so gifted genius are not in the Foreign Office where his enormous talents and wide experiences should produce this country non-countable blessings."



The Spinx devoured in 1 gulp if his fortunateless victim could non-answer a riddle

Thisly week's extractions are a very A.1 exclusive and will appear more later on in "Alarums in Arabia," by Col. Y. Hama, C.O.D. (Not more, as only 2 copies of this epochal work will be imprinted at 10,000£ per each net. Cash with order.)

Feb. 4rd. Accompany by Hon. *caravanserai* (Arabian for camel) and the so ever faithful Ally, we left Hon. Chops' Pyramid to make visit the Spinx which are also 1 of the 7th wonders of the world. Perhapsly it should be so well for me to give some informations re same from my lecture on "The Spinx and what are he?" which I shall decant before the Royal Aquarium Society. It has been transposed from an awfully antique *papyrus* which I have dug up, and throws some new and shocking lights on Arabian history.

The Spinx (or Arabian dragon) lived more as several 1,000's of years ago B.C. in or about the 4th Dynasty (see Chops) and was a very ravenous monster who prowled the desert by night to seek for whom he might devour, which he did in 1 gulp if his fortunateless victim could non-answer a riddle. At lastly the Arabians grew to become extremely tired of being gulped alive and made complainings to Hon. King Pharaoh. Saidly Pharaoh produced them a Royal Commission to perform investigatings and report on same, which caused the Arabians to jump for joy until the sadish news arrived to say that Hon. Spinx had eaten the Royal Commission. Hon. King Pharaoh's response when inform of this cataclysmic are now historical. "Then we must appoint another Commission."

But before the Commission had sat more as 50 years, it was also eaten by the Spinx. This caused Hon. Pharaoh to tear his hairs and ejacule some very non-politeish epitaphs.

"Who," he imbarked, "shall rid me of this meddlesome pest?"

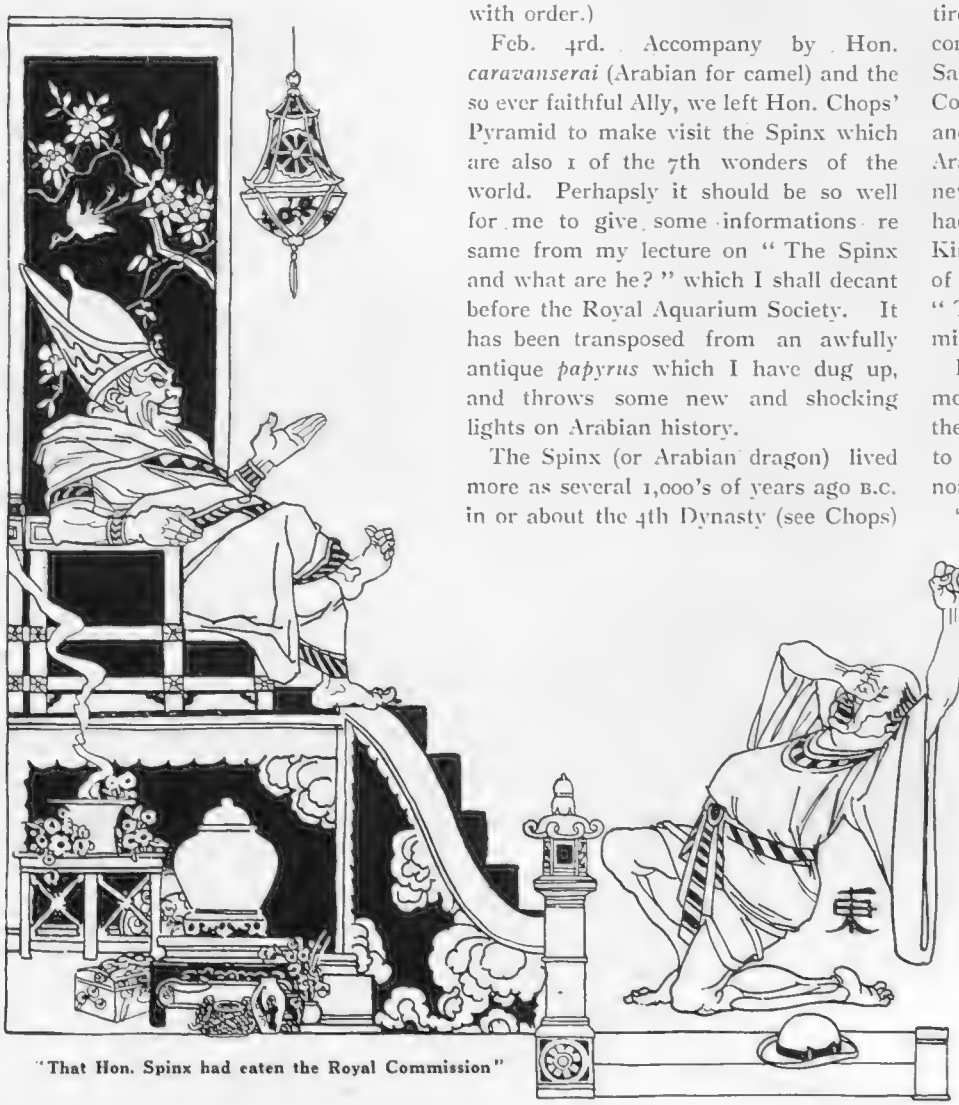
There was an enormous silents and then Hon. Pharaoh spoke 1-ce more.

"I will give 5£ good rewardings and the hand of my so beautiful daughter, Hon. Princess Cleopatra, to any youthish person who shall fetch me the Spinx's head, dead or alive."

These words caught the ears of a very braveish but impoverish person name of Sir Oedipus Rex.

"This sounds to be a very softish snipping. I will shoot you the Spinx, Hon. Sir Pharaoh, and post you his head in a charger," he declamed.

Armed to the teeth with a pistol, he hied into the desert to hunt the



"That Hon. Spinx had eaten the Royal Commission"

Spinx. At 1-st he had very great non-lucks, but 1 day he met the Spinx on a rock where he had just eaten the last of the Royal Commission.

"Ho, ho," laughed the Spinx gleeishly, "this are my lucky star day. I shall turn you into mincemeats in less as 2 ticks unless you can answer me a riddle which not anybody has yetly succeeded to do."

"I are very champion riddlester and bet you 5/- I can answer same in 3 jiffies," responsed Hon. Sir Oedipus pulling out a cigar.

"Before you are more as a day older, you shall be singing very small potatoes," impopped the Spinx. "Kindly to inform why Hon. chicken crosses the road?"

"That are so easy as falling off logs," repopped Hon. Sir Oedipus. "Hon. chicken cross the road to arrive himself on the other side."

The Spinx performed a roar of awful rage, but Hon. Sir Oedipus pulled out his pistol and stabbed him to death. When entirely defunct, the Spinx turned himself into a stone, which he still are. Thusly Hon. Sir Oedipus was non-able to cut off his head and did not succeed to receive the 5£ good rewardings, or the hand of Hon. Cleopatra who afterwards nuptialled Hon. Sir J. Caesar. (From cuniform inscribings on or *circa* Amentopper, 4th Dynasty. Translate from the original and patented by Y.H.)

At lastly we arrived to the Spinx which are very wonderful spectacular, but looks to be a bit chipped in some spots and would not be more worse for a new coat of paint.

"'You speak English, Hon. Sir?' she requeshed"

"O how delicious it are," I rhapsoded, "to stand in the sand and feast our visions upon this so antique and defunct monster who lived more as umpteen aeons ago. Hon. Sir Alexander, Hon. Sir Napoleon, Hon. Sir Ramsay MacDonald and other great military *geni*, this so mighty Spinx has seen them all. Alasly, how true that we are here to-day and not here at all to-morrow. When we are more dead as door or other defunct nails, saidly Spinx will still be making to gaze across the so illimitless sands of this vastish desert with his non-scrutable smile."

A smallish old lady who likewisely was admiring Hon. Spinx, made to approach me.

"You speak English, Hon. Sir?" she requeshed.

"Most Honourable madam," I responded, "in the presents of this so gigantic souvenir of a defuncted empire, in the midst of this so trackless desert with its sands more numberless as the stars, under beneath this sun which has shined since calculateless years B.C, all tongues are equal. What, as Hon. Sir Bard of Avon sings, so sweetishly, what wouldst thou of me?"

"Can you kindly to inform where I may make purchase a cup of tea?"

Ejaculing moans, I stole weepishly away. In the nextly instalment I shall depict my adventurings in Constantinople.

Yogo Hama

TONDELEYO IN MUFTI

Cigrini

Miss Dorie Sawyer resting in her dressing-room at the Strand Theatre before transforming herself into the dusky and dangerous Tondeleyo, the vamp of "White Cargo." "When in doubt, revive 'White Cargo'" appears to be the motto of the day in theatreland, and it is certainly justified by the continued popularity of this play of the South Seas

A LUCKY STROKE

BY JACK GORDGE

THE "PIPES"

"I say—have any of you

OF PAN—1927

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

ou people got a spanner?"

BY FRANK M. LEA

FOOLED!

LONDON LOUNGERS

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

Illustrations by H. K. ELCOCK

No. III. THE VULTURE

"Making little dabs at her nose before a mirror the size of half a crown"

He was one of those phenomena, rarely met, but lethal in later life, who invariably came home from school at the end of term with a few shillings of pocket-money in a purse—he always carried a purse with him—and it was he who was always raffling things in his House. Things like a spare "tuck box," made in the carpenter's shop and costing him nothing; a seven-bladed knife (a Christmas present); and "Criminals I Have Known," by ex-Detective-Inspector Sleuth, bought for half a crown and raffled for twenty-five shillings. And when he was hauled up before his frenzied House Master for raffling a five-shilling piece for a hundred and twenty-three penny tickets he failed utterly to see the enormity of his offence, and endeavoured, even in those days, to cloak his actions behind the dubious doctrine that a thing was "worth what it would fetch."

He sailed serenely through the school years, learning a lot that he should not and little that he should, a nailer at mathematics, and a nonentity at most else. And at an early age of adolescence "Finance" took him into the fold. He is known now, vaguely, as "a Financier." At that luncheon table opposite, at Nero's, three men are "putting up a scheme" to a typical Vulture at this moment. The three are A, an analytical chemist, whose ingenious formula is the subject of the proposed Syndicate (nebulous when the champagne cocktails were being drunk in the American bar half an hour ago, but now assuming tangible paper shape), is the host, and will get very little out of this business except the bill. B, a simple-minded fellow, a journalist, who knows a man who knows the Vulture and has arranged the meeting. C, the middleman, who brings grist to the Vulture's mill from time to time and is paid in Founders' Shares, and has occasionally "accepted" a seat on a wobbly Board. Twice only he has received cash, and has never forgotten it.

The formula has been explained, rather breathlessly, by A whose fish congeals on his plate the while—in terms of high pharmaceutical technique and wide idealistic generalities. When the only two business brains present have grasped, as they do very quickly, the financial possibilities, both A and B are evicted summarily from further conversation, which is carried on in the, to them, foreign language of finance. The journalist stares round at the lunching world, and the chemist sits submissively mute, dreaming of the money that he thinks will be his in the very near future.

The Vulture's face is a mask to his mind. His exact age to-day is difficult to arrive at. Inclined slightly to corpulence, clean shaven, hair rather sparse on top, a very beautiful pearl pin in a black tie—his clothes otherwise unremarkable. Thin, very capable fingers; a mouth which, when he closes it in saying "No" to a proposition, reminds you of someone shutting up the back of a watch; eyes of a watery blue which need only to move slowly once down the right- and up the left-hand side of a balance-sheet to know where the strength and where the weakness, and to have a shrewd idea why.

He is quite normally human and tolerably good company in a four-ball foursome on Sundays, or in Tattersall's enclosure at a meeting on Saturday, when he has got a longish price with a small field running. But when the talk turns to definite business, or someone wants to borrow "a couple of ponies, ol' man, until the seventeenth of this month," his whole mentality and personality change before your eyes. It is as if watertight bulkheads had shut him off from you swiftly at a lightning-flash signal from his ever-sharp brain. When his few intimates chaff him about the way he lounges through life without an apparent effort, he replies jocularly

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that he is merely "a picker-up of unconsidered trifles," any one of which would keep the average man from worrying about anything for the next six months or so.

Where the carcase is there will he and his kind be gathered together. The said carcase is more often than not a "little bit of underwriting." The sort of underwriting that never takes from but always gives to the writers of the cheques unto seventy times seven. Or a "New Issue"—of the kind that is very old to them but very new to a plastic public. Or the conversion of Something into a block of Something Else—at someone else's expense. He will array the most specious arguments in support of the theory that "all is fair in love and business," enforcing points such as "I am not talking about love—out of my line. That's your *métier*. But what I *do* mean is that in business it's your brains against the other feller's, every time. You can't get away from it: whole ethics of business, when you come down to brass tacks. Have a cigar—and talk about something you understand, m'boy."

And then the woman enters a realm *he* does not understand, and the whole world and his competitor's wife watches the *bouleversement*, particularly shrewdly the competitor's wife, who reports, with embroidery, to her spouse, he deriving much comfort therefrom.

That very blonde woman with the ice-blue eyes, for instance, leaning back on a sofa seat in the provocative half-gloom of "The Florida," making little dabs at her nose at this moment before a mirror about the size of half a crown She has drawn all the claws of that particular Vulture of international reputation, who is watching her avidly as she performs her ritual. He is inanely acquiescent to all her demands, which are varied and frequent. At the Hellespont, the last word but one in London restaurants, where they dined this evening, he never even noticed the odd ten-shilling note, part change from the tenner, lying *under* the folded bill on the plate.

We haven't a hope if we adventure into the arena of a business deal with him. He has not half a hope in that other vast arena of hers, from which there is no exit until she shows him one. But has he not affirmed, thickly through a long cigar, that "all is fair in love and business"? So he ought not to grumble, whatever it all costs. But he will, presently. For, being the bird he is, those claws will grow again.

E. P. L.-B.

A BYSTANDER *among the* BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

No more amusingly unexpected contribution has been made to the Broadway House To-day and To-morrow Series than that of Mr. Robert Graves. His *Lars Porsena; or, The Future of Swearing* (Kegan, Paul: 2*s.* 6*d.* net) is a deliciously ironical affair which will keep you chuckling throughout. (Unless, of course, you belong definitely to the 'seventies, and consider that nobody ought to enjoy being shocked.) There is no nonsense about Mr. Graves. In a coolly detached way he approaches his delicate subject. Why may we say and do some things, and remain accepted as members of polite society? Why are all the vigilance societies that ever forgathered round a table at our throats if we dare to say or do others?

The older generation had no difficulty in answering these questions, for the simple reason that nobody dared to ask them. To-day, however, the young folk ask all sorts of awkward questions, and sooner or later they will have to be answered—in a new way. Meanwhile, here is Mr. Graves in his very best form, and I implore you to read him. One query, however, I must put to him. In common with most other Johnsonians, I had long believed that the great man had defined a certain disreputable word in a gorgeously unexpected manner. But—did he? If Mr. Graves will examine a First Edition of the Dictionary, he will be luckier than I was if he discovers the dreadful word mentioned at all.

*

How often we wish that we could start everything over again, become somebody else, and live an entirely different life! And it doesn't seem to matter at all—the sheer impossibility of the thing; we go on wishing for it just the same. The novelist, however, can make his hero do these things, and so it is in Mr. Collinson Owen's new book, *Zero* (Murray: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), where John Garth, himself a novelist of repute, desires, for certain reasons of his own, to get out of things and begin afresh.

A railway accident in France, and a novel just published under another name, give him his chance, and for a while all is well. But miracles don't happen in life, or even in novels that are not too wildly romantic. No long time elapses before it appears certain that something will happen to send Garth back to the old world. Very cunningly and most entertainingly Mr. Owen drags him back, luckily without too much tragedy. It is a pleasant, light-hearted tale, told in Mr. Owen's most likeable manner.

Bassano

LADY BIRKETT

Whose hunting anthology, "Hunting Ways and Lays," has achieved a marked success. It is already in its second edition

*

It is a rugged story that Mr. Neville Brand has to tell in his *Cloudburst* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), a tale about a yeoman family in, I imagine, a bleak corner of the fens. Readers of an earlier story of his will remember the Howes with their rather stern traditions. Here Mr. Brand is particularly concerned with young Arthur Howe, who has married a not very attractive wife—one is sorry for her in a way; these Howes are not too easy to get on with—and is in love with a wildish girl, half a gipsy, who has her own way of doing most things. As I say, the story is rugged, but it is told so well against so vivid a background as to attract you from beginning to end. Arthur and his father, and, indeed, most of his friends, may be rather drab folk, but they are real folk, and there is no exaggeration in the tragic affair in the hut. Mr. Brand has a proper sense of the dramatic, and his writing is particularly good. There is a definite distinction about his work. With a more "popular" story to tell, he will one day enjoy a big success.

Off Colour!

BY STAN TERRY

1ST CLUBMAN (*the day after the National*): "He swears he'll never take his wife to a race meeting again'

2ND CLUBMAN: "What happened—did she lose?"

1ST CLUBMAN: "Lose! Why, she picked up a fifty to one because she liked the jockey's colours, while he lost a hundred on the favourite!"

Some of those who were seen among the large

British Illus.

SIR VICTOR and LADY WARRENDER

Alfieri

The EARL OF SEFTON and MISS LONGSTON

British Illus.

LORD and LADY TEMPLEMORE

Photographs

The MARQUESS and MARCHIONESS CAMDEN

Alfieri

LADY BRADFORD, LORD DENMAN and the HON. JUDITH DENMAN

attendance at the "Grand Military" at Sandown Park

MISS DE TRAFFORD, The BARONESS BEAUMONT and the HON. IVY STAPLETON

LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON, BRIG.-GEN. CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY and SIR MATHEW WILSON

Photographs

MAJOR DUFFUS and the HON. LADY CHICHESTER

The HON. ARCHIBALD and LADY IRENE CUBITT

Alfieri

CAPT. STOCKS and the HON. SYLVIA PORTMAN

Palmy Days in Florida

BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU

Some random impressions from Palm Beach, one of the most talked-of and written-about resorts of the wealthy pleasure seeker in America. Its population, if we are to believe some reports, consists almost entirely of millionaires, while it is a never-failing source of inspiration to "movie" directors

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"She was formerly a typist"

MES AMIS,

FOR once in a way we are able to be sorry for ourselves in common. If this cannot be spoken of with strict accuracy as the Entente Cordiale, it does amount to an *entente* over the cordial—an *entente,* at our expense, by the powers that be. Your wine is to cost you more, and so is ours. I am not quite sure how this is going to work out, but it looks to me as if you might have to submit to a double blow—that you will have to bear the extra taxation of Mr. Churchill and the increase of price at the source in France. Worse still, yours may be a threefold smite if the increased taxation is based on the increased price.

YOU have our deep sympathy. It is obviously an occasion for mingling our griefs—in plain water. I emphasise this because it may be helpful to you to know that here we are fighting what is looked upon locally as a "ramp," and fighting with such solidarity that one important result is promised. It appears to be certain that, even should the projected *augmentations* be definitely established, the "wanglers" will not make anything out of the business, as the voluntary "cut" in consumption will wipe out the anticipated profits, if not exceed them.

IT is almost the only way open to the wine-drinker, but it promises to be effective. Generally speaking, it is considered that the French are not good at disciplining themselves, but I can assure you that when it comes to such a matter of self-discipline as a buyers' strike there is no nation in the world which can give them any points. We have already had quantities of evidence in respect of various commodities, and the example in regard to wine is one of the most remarkable. The consumption of wine during the last year or two had bounded up—there is no other phrase to fit the official returns—but from January 1, when the dealers, greedily seeking to obtain extra profits from this wave, began to run up their prices, there was an immediate reaction. It was just as if the whole of the wine-drinkers of the nation had made a New Year's resolution that they would drink only a half-bottle where they had drunk a whole bottle before.

"Drink only half a bottle"

YOU seem to have acted similarly in regard to whisky, as it is announced that the last tax increase resulted in a loss of revenue instead of a gain, and what whisky-drinkers can do the more temperate wine-sippers ought to be able to emulate. I have never been able to understand the high prices of wines in England, anyhow. I remember bringing over several cases of one of the best brands of champagne that France produces, and when the duty had been paid the total cost worked out at less than ten shillings a bottle. On the same visit I paid nearly thirty shillings a bottle in a London cabaret for an inferior brand, which seems to me a "margin" to whistle over. Perhaps Mr. Churchill has realised that it was not the duty that was making champagne expensive; at that time it was only half a crown a bottle, which nobody could begrudge.

AS a reformer, filled with the spirit that moves mountains, Maurice de Waleffe possesses one great attribute: that of perseverance. Before to-day he has pulled off things when everybody else had believed them to be hopeless, and thus it is dangerous to say that any of his campaigns has failed, even when he seems to have dropped it, as you never know when he is going to revive it, apparently in the hope of snatching success when adversaries and the indifferent are napping.

ONE would have imagined that his crusade in favour of substituting knee-breeches for trousers could have been written off as a failure a month ago, as it had produced little but sarcasm, despite the skill of de Waleffe's advocacy; but so far from that being the case, it is now announced that he has secured several hundred "converts," Parisian personalities in the world of the arts, or letters and finance. It looks as if the persistent Maurice had been making a personal canvass. The one *monde* in which he has drawn a complete blank is that of politics; but then, the Deputies had to submit to so much ridicule for six months that one can understand they have no wish to take risks with their calves.

"Her *fantaisie* of execution of the Charleston"

Now that he has gathered a "shock" battalion M. de Waleffe, it is said, proposes to organise a *grand gala* where knee-breeches will be *de rigueur*; De Waleffe is in a great hurry. He has a belief that if he does not get Paris in breeches first, priority will be stolen by those artful Englishmen, ever ready to steal a march. I don't know where he picked up this idea, but it would be a pity to disillusion him. If he contrives to put Paris into breeches on the supposition that there is a race for precedence with London, I shouldn't think London will be very much upset.

S

Paris has found a new dancer. In writing that, one realises what a very long time it is since the same words were last employed. Some people may be able to remember it! I can't. There is unusual sweetness about the new discovery in the fact that the new *étoile* —she seems destined to be a star—is French, and not only French but a Parisienne. That touches Paris very soothingly, because all the dancing "headliners" recently have been Spanish, or Russian, or South American, if white, or North American if black.

'Substituting knee-breeches for trousers'

Mlle. Frédérique has acquired her fantasy in the adjacent suburbs, like Maurice Chevalier and Mistinguett. If she can retain and develop it as they have, then *tout ira bien*. One great point in her favour is her modesty, for the modest ones generally show most capacity for learning. It appears that when she was given a trial by the Dufrenne and Varna management she remarked, in expressing her thanks, "if it does not go well, I can always hold up a job in your offices." (She was formerly a typist.)

S

Judging from the enthusiasm to which she has roused the audiences at the Empire, there should be no question of any return to the typewriter. She is a comic dancer of a type which always appeals when the humour is spontaneous and natural, and she seems to possess as much *entrain* as the high-pressure Josephine Baker herself. It was her *fantaisie* of execution of the Charleston in a *dancing* which caught the attention of the band, and they signalled her to a manager. The one hope of Paris is that she may live up to her promise.

S

In addition to the new interest, we have got back a favourite whom we did not expect. Raquel Meller let it be echoed from America that she found things so wonderful there that she had abandoned unenthusiastic and uninspiriting Europe. But there must have been a snag somewhere, which she found only tardily. She has stolen back into Paris quietly, so quietly that it took some time for the news to leak out. We expect to see her back at the Palace shortly, and Paris will probably forgive that unkind cut about Europe, Raquel being so *sympathique*.

René.

I. N. A.

ROYALTY IN GRANADA

Her Majesty the Queen of Spain photographed with the Prince of Asturias and the Infantas Beatrice and Christina in the famous courtyard of the Lions in the Alhambra, Granada

---

"My 'usband's right off 'is drink, Mrs. 'Obbs."

"Lor', 'e must be bad."

"Yus, 'is thirst is a regular beerometer."

. . . .

For ladies, we understand, blue will again be the favourite colour. As the old sergeant used to say on parade, "Azure wear!"

. . . .

From a contemporary: Wanted, a respectable man to milk a cow with a good voice and accustomed to sing in the choir.

Whatever our Weather——

The Buick Empire Four-door Saloon. In Blue. Price **£485**

To the theatre and back again after the show, you can travel in your Buick, with all the intimate warmth and cosy comfort of your own fireside. Bucket-seating for the driver and front passenger, adjustable at will, deep cushioned rear seats, all are designed for ample leg room.

Whatever our Weather

KING CHARLES spoke truth when he said that one could spend more days out o' doors in the English climate than in any other.

Yet those peoples who do not understand us say that we, as a nation, take our pleasures sadly. Are we not the very people who invented outdoor play? Most of the world's most strenuous games owe their origin to the invigorating rigour of the British winter. There is no cosier spot on earth than the English winter fireside. Yet we leave its cheery snugness to hunt the fox in the cold winter dawn; to fight possession of the leather ball, round or oval, as we be Soccer or Rugger enthusiasts; to wield the hockey stick, to swing the golf club. . . .

And then, the grey day closed, who so merry in the social throng as the cheerful youth, the bright-eyed girl whose day has been healthfully spent in the open.

Life is fuller, wider to-day than ever before in history. We no longer are compelled to choose between the open-air delights of the country and the social pleasures of the town. We now give our days to the one and our nights to the other. The country has come to town, the town has come to the country; magical work of the modern motor car.

A car is an absolute essential to the enjoyment of a full modern life. There are so many delightful things to do, such a multiplicity of engagements to fulfil, that "getting there and back" has become a tremendous factor of existence. Owning a car, we come and go with a speed and in a luxury which makes the very coming and going an enjoyment in itself, a part of the day's joyous round.

As the most typical example of the car which plays so intimate a part in its owner's life let us take the Buick Empire 4-Door Saloon. Here is a fine roomy car offering cosy accommodation for five

passengers. Its impressive dignity, clean-cut lines and beautiful lustrous finish lend just the right touch of refinement to our " entrances and exits " at social or sports gatherings. No more joyous sight can be imagined than this fine saloon with its happy freight gliding to some glad gathering.

Its interior equipment shows close attention to every detail that makes for comfort and convenience. A notable detail, often overlooked in saloon design, is the ample head-room provided, avoiding the " hats-on-knees " nuisance. Four doors give easy access from both sides. Sinking gratefully into the deep sprung cushioning, let us take note of the details which give this peculiar sense of well-being and luxury to the Buick passenger. The upholstery of grey repp or leather shows British workmanship and material at their best. There are silk finish window blinds if we desire privacy; our feet find a foot-rest just where we desire it; an interior roof light sheds a soft warm glow; ash-trays provide for the inevitable smoker.

In this car, specially designed for the owner-driver, his comfort has received the most knowledgeable care. The front seats are of the sliding bucket type, individually adjustable for leg room; controls are placed just where he would instinctively reach for them; his will is instant law in this wondrously tractable car.

No feature of the Buick wins higher praise than its readiness to start at once after a long wait in the cold. We love to get in and away; hate to sit waiting for a surly engine. So, as the Buick moves off almost before we have arranged ourselves for the journey, we have a word of congratulation for our owner's choice of a car. And if any of our party have never before travelled in a Buick Saloon they will now note with surprised delight the absence of rumble and vibration. The many things we have to say are said in tones of ordinary conversation in which the driver himself can—and generally does—join.

There is health-assurance as well as comfort in the cosy warmth and perfect ventilation of the Empire Saloon, both matters of importance if you have just left an over-heated ballroom.

Neither rain, snow, sleet nor the fiercest gale can disturb the occupants of the Buick Empire Saloon. Weather need never deter you from any journey in your Buick. Flooded roads that have deterred other cars have not stopped Buicks. Irrespective of price, no other car in the world is better protected than Buick.

Those of us who are mechanically-minded will want to know how so powerful an engine can possibly work in such velvet smoothness. They will seek explanation of the oft-heard phrase " Buick is vibrationless beyond belief." They will want to know the why and wherefore of the Buick's wonderful top-gear performance—two miles to sixty and over, with an acceleration that leaves the rest " standing." They will want to dig down into the fundamental reasons for the Buick's staunch reliability, the clever devices by which every form of running trouble has been anticipated and checkmated. The whole story is in the Buick catalogue.

When Better Cars are Built —Buick will Build them

THE DOMINION TWO-DOOR SALOON.

A charming closed car, moderately priced. Two wide doors provide exceptional accessibility to all seats. Extra large size windows provide visibility far beyond the average. ***Price £425.***

The 1927 Buick Catalogue

The 1927 Buick Catalogue describes all points of mechanical excellence in Buick construction and illustrates in natural colours the complete Buick range. We should very much like to send a copy of this catalogue to you.

The very car of your desire is included in the Buick range. There are many closed models, there are touring cars and two-seaters ; in fact, a type of coachwork to meet every wish.

Any Buick dealer will be delighted to place a car at your disposal so that you may try it for yourself and compare its performance, appearance and value with other cars.

Buick shares its price with many cars, but its value with none.

General Motors Ltd., Edgware Road, The Hyde, N.W.9.

THE MAJESTIC TOURER.
An ideal car for all occasions. Hood and rigid, clear-view side-curtains offer immediate and complete weather protection. In blue and maroon with leather upholstery to match. Adjustable bucket seats. Price **£398.**

WHEN WE ARE 140—

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *March* 28.

DEAR COUSIN—

EXPECT you've heard there's a perfectly good specialist man from whatever's - the - Czecho - Slovakian - or - something - for - Harley - Street coming to visit us quite soon—you know, the man with the monkey gland, Dr. Voronoff, to wit. Which he's been concentrating on further, it seems, in the spacious solitudes of the Slavonic-or-somewhere Steppes, and's come to the conclusion he didn't go quite Voronoff before—sorry, but, anyway, very latest is that we're now to live a whole hundred and forty years if we like, and keep on carrying on right up to the end, what's more.

"Respectable citizens who go to the office by the 8.43"

ALL of which sounds, you know, somehow ever so much more probable and likely than we'd ever even have dreamt of in our most dreamful and Wellsian moods of but a few short years ago—and would have been just a scream, not a dream, in those far-off Victorian days when at thirty the women started wearing caps and at forty even men began being middle-aged and cultivating wider waistcoats and the pontifical manner. Whereas now—well, hast read, I wonder, those sweet and delightful new "She Shanties" of Mr. A. P. Herbert's, wherein he sings (touching and concerning the night clubs of the moment and such-like giddy Haunts of Vice and Gaiety)—

> Don't let's go to the dogs to-night,
> For Mother will be there.
> Auntie chooses all the tunes,
> Uncle bags the best balloons . . .

Etcetera, and so on, and more to the same purport or effect.

卐

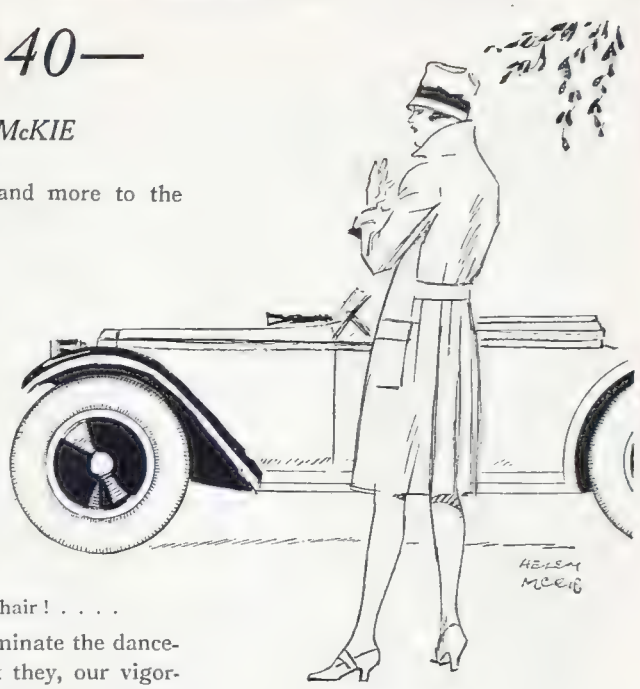
AND in good sooth (also i'fackins and by my halidom) some little *soupçonlet* or shadow of what they call rhyme and reason, methinks, in those few wild words—

> And all the roundest men in town
> Are dancing mother's figure down—
> Bless their snowy hair! . . . .

Do rather dashingly dominate the dance-places sometimes, don't they, our vigorous and virile ancestors, and as someone reminiscently remarked about 3 a.m. at the Met. Follies the other night—"The grannies are splendid!" Wherefore, with only just a small course of simiology, so to speak, and due doses of monkey mixture and *extrait de singe*, can't really see, can you, why they *shouldn't* keep on keeping on well up to 2000 or so A.D., and past.

卐

A RATHER terrifying thought, in a way—I mean, suppose it should happen to *us*. Would you live 140 years if you could? Answer whereto, methinks, is a bit iffy. . . . Only *if* everybody's doing it—because, think how very lonely it'd be otherwise, always going along sort of barging into three or four generations ahead and having to keep on making new friends and learning new dances, and—no, I don't think *that'd* be at all a bad idea—buying new fashions in frocks all the time. Only, too, *if* you could be quite sure of not *looking* your age—I mean, up to sixty or so it's possible, apparently, these days to keep up with things if you only work hard enough. See "Skin-Deep," that rather odd new book by Naomi Royde-Smith—you know, the one who had all that money left her the other day by Lady Kinnoull's mother—which is all about a beautiful Duchess who was so positively *determined* to go on being beautiful that she did, though she had to be so busy about it she even lost her lover.



"Taking out the car"

JUST this moment, at any rate, methinks, youth's at the prow, so to speak, as the poet puts it, what with the Boat Race happening this Saturday as ever is and all. When at last the thrilling battle'll be fought out that there's been such a lot of talk of all these weeks—strange, is not it, there should be all that excitement about these young men's odd little pastime—suppose it must be really because they *are* so young, what? Young, and strong, and comely, and fighting it out all sportingly on their own, with no stuffy old politicians and diplomats and people to pull the strings . . . oh! why *can't* they decide Wars that way, too, and leave us our men . . . ? Oh, well, just you wait and see what happens when we get those votes for women at twenty-one the Cabinet and people have been con-

"Votes for women at twenty-one"

ferring about, that we're simply bound to get quite soon. Whereupon don't mind telling you what *I'm* going to vote for is raising the military age to fifty, and not letting anyone that's *under* that go out to the next War—and, mark my words, if that goes through, don't believe there'll ever *be* one.

卐

All sorts of highly youthful debs. and people busily buzzing about Bond Street, too, these days, and dashing into Dover Street, and putting in hours and hours round Piccadilly and environs—all to get their *trousseaux* for the Courts and generally fitting 'emselves out, so to speak, for the coming Season. Which, by tradition, of course, opens with the R.A. Talking of the Arts, we've got some most exciting books that everyone's talking about, and Mr. Hergesheimer's latest, "Tampico" it's called, all full of fire, colour, and adventure. And, oh! by the way, just been reading, too, a rather nice effort called, "The Riding Light," by Neil Scot—author's really Lady Sybil Grant, you know, but took a pseudonym so's not to trade on her title, which was really quite noble of her, what?

卐

It's this Spring business that makes one feel youngest of all, methinks, and simply fills you all full of urge and pep and vim of the first vintage (and a far, far better thing, as dear Sir John would say, than the Voronoff brand). And spurs you on to

The Boat Race

all sorts of rash acts, like taking out the car for twenty miles or so before breakfast, and then soothes you, too, to all manner of quietly joyous ecstasy as you hark to the lark, or, anyway, some sorts of little exquisitely warbling birds.

卐

Spring is felt, or dimly perceived, I do believe, by even the solemnest of those hard-boiled and highly respectable citizens who travel up to their offices every morning by the 8.43, complete with their little bowlers, little attaché cases, and little selves. Happy little citizens, I suppose, for they have no history . . . now.

> Was there war once? I have forgotten it.
> Was there work once? Work still is mine. . . . .

If Mr. Robert Nichols will forgive me just putting his most famous and moving verses into their more modern and up-to-date form.

卐

Things aren't quite too pleasant, thank you, over in China *and* the Balkans. And the parsons are at it again—here's one been denouncing the Froth Blowers because, says he, it "aims at bringing alcohol among young people." Someone really ought to tell Sir Alfred Fripp about that, methinks, but meanwhile let's be duly and truly grateful, shan't us, for yet another Spring smile.

With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette.

THE WATCHERS ON THE THRESHOLD

By Thomas Somerfield

Boy: "Do you come to the Boat Race every year?"
Girl: "Only the last few!"

When King Cabaret Rules at the Metropole

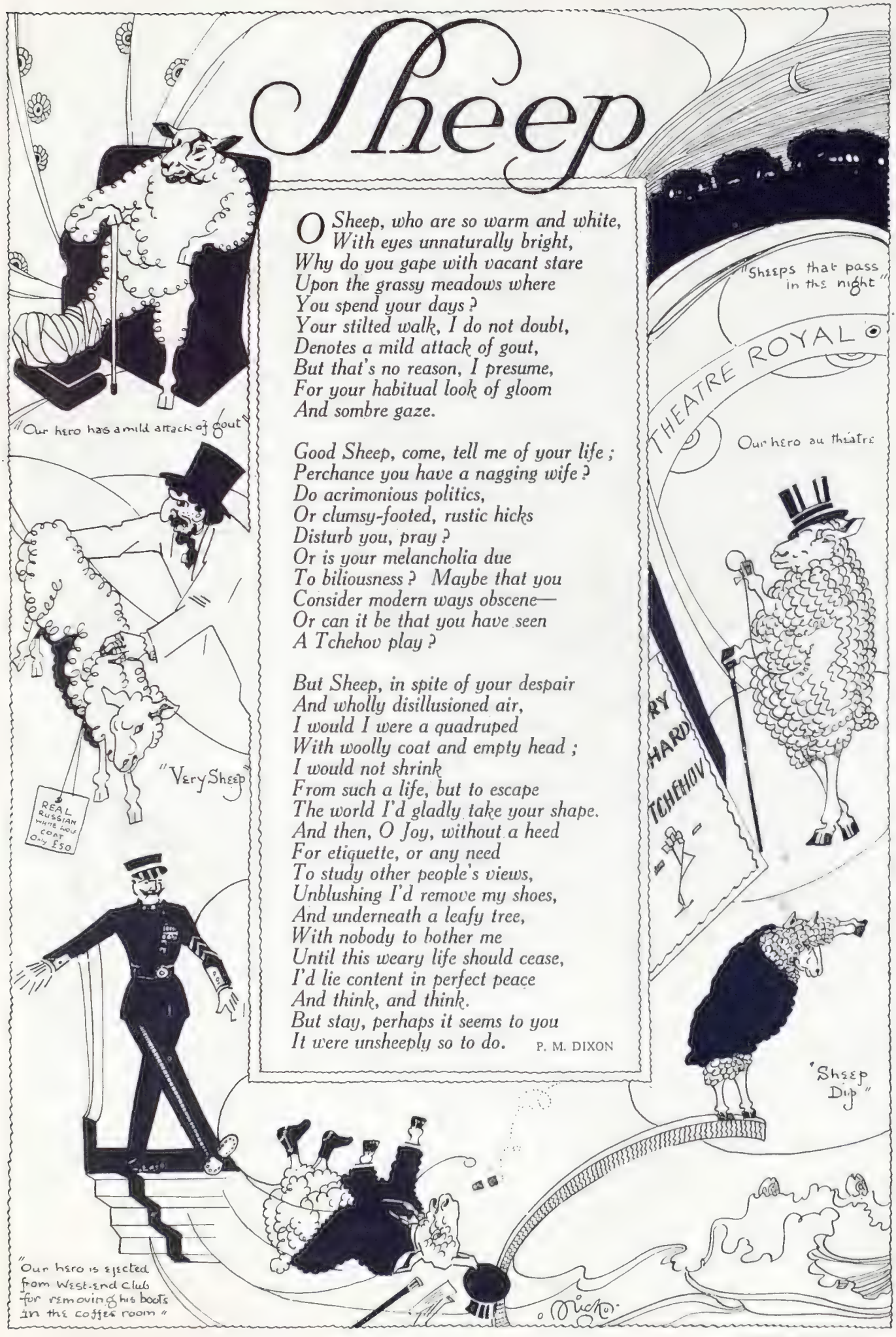
BY M. MACMICHAEL

Our artist's impressions of some of the leading lights of the new Midnight Follies Cabaret at the Metropole. As colourful and high-spirited as any of its predecessors, dancing plays a big part in the new show, two newcomers, Rosita and Ramon, scoring a big success

Sheep

O Sheep, who are so warm and white,
With eyes unnaturally bright,
Why do you gape with vacant stare
Upon the grassy meadows where
You spend your days?
Your stilted walk, I do not doubt,
Denotes a mild attack of gout,
But that's no reason, I presume,
For your habitual look of gloom
And sombre gaze.

Good Sheep, come, tell me of your life;
Perchance you have a nagging wife?
Do acrimonious politics,
Or clumsy-footed, rustic hicks
Disturb you, pray?
Or is your melancholia due
To biliousness? Maybe that you
Consider modern ways obscene—
Or can it be that you have seen
A Tchehov play?

But Sheep, in spite of your despair
And wholly disillusioned air,
I would I were a quadruped
With woolly coat and empty head;
I would not shrink
From such a life, but to escape
The world I'd gladly take your shape.
And then, O Joy, without a heed
For etiquette, or any need
To study other people's views,
Unblushing I'd remove my shoes,
And underneath a leafy tree,
With nobody to bother me
Until this weary life should cease,
I'd lie content in perfect peace
And think, and think.
But stay, perhaps it seems to you
It were unsheeply so to do. P. M. DIXON

SKETCHES BY NICK

Legging it at Hampstead

Photographs *L.N.A., Central News, and Sport and General*

Some of the lady competitors in the recent Hard Courts Tournament at Belsize Park seen in strenuous mood. The latest decrees of Dame Fashion have certainly been welcomed by the Sports Girl, whose increase of sartorial freedom has certainly not been gained at the expense of grace

RIVIERA NOTES

THE first half of March may have been unsettled, but the second half is certainly making up for its defects in brilliant style, and the sunshine has brought out a dazzling display of the lightest frocks and the fluffiest parasols on every seaside promenade along the coast. The Cannes Lawn Tennis Club was particularly lucky in its weather, and the crowds which flocked to see the semi-finals and finals of the International Tournament were the largest tennis crowds we have had since the famous encounter of Suzanne Lenglen and Helen Wills. The club-house accommodation was quite inadequate for the large number of competitors, and dressing-rooms had to be engaged at a neighbouring hotel. The tennis itself was some of the best of the whole season.

POLO is drawing to a close at Mandelieu, and last Sunday, in addition to a first-class match, there was a most amazing gymkhana on the club grounds. Golf, on the other hand, is now going stronger than ever. The annual competition at the Cannes Country Club at Mougins for the handicap prize, presented by the Duke of Connaught, was won by Mr. Gilbert Elliot—who is a noted player at the Royal and Ancient Club and at the Royal St. George's at Sandwich—with a fine score of 76—4=72. The course is now in really good condition considering how comparatively short a time it has been laid down, but a fairly stiff wind made the play all the more difficult, and of course added to the glory of Mr. Elliot's win. He followed this up by also capturing the prize for a scratch competition offered by Prince Pierre of Monaco with another equally good score of 76. The day ended up with a big dinner-party—the first in the history of the club—by way of celebrating the installation of electric light, and it was a most delightful affair. Lord Derby had, among others, at his table Prince Nicholas of Greece, Princess Elisabeth and Princess Marina of Greece, Prince and Princess Paul of Serbia, and Colonel and Mrs. Bunbury. Others who brought parties of friends out with them included Lord Wolverton, Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield—the latter was most energetic and original in organising dance competitions during the evening—Sir Stuart and Lady Coats, Elisabeth Lady Cheylesmore, Mrs. Benjamin Guinness, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hilles, Diana Lady Rhodes, and Mrs. Ralph Cazenove.

Miss C. N. Daly

A ROYAL VICTORY

The King of Sweden and Miss C. Hardie on the courts at Nice. They won the Handicap Mixed Doubles in the recent tournament there

WE are now awaiting the arrival of a section of the British Mediterranean Fleet, which will be distributed between Toulon, Golfe-Juan and Villefranche, and many hostesses are looking forward for once to a really satisfactory supply of young men for dances. Among other interesting events that week-end will be a novelty in the way of a Provençal *fête* which is to take place at Le Cannet, a small village just outside Cannes, in which the whole native population is taking part. The display of ancient costumes and the revival of traditional dances and games will be well worth seeing, and expert dancers are coming from all parts of Provence for the occasion.

WHILE the Fleet is here we are to have what is for the Riviera a novelty, for there will be a naval wedding at the Royal Memorial Church of St. George's between Lieut. W. Arkwright, an officer on the *Sandhurst*, and Miss Hollingdrake, the only daughter of Lady Hollingdrake, who is staying at the Metropole at Cannes. The British colony and the Fleet are going to make the most of this rare occasion. While speaking of weddings, among the many newly married couples now in the district are Sir John and Lady Stewart-Clark, who came here from Egypt to stay at the Carlton. They are leaving shortly to pass the rest of their honeymoon in Honolulu.

PRINCE and Princess Christian of Hesse have given several more smart entertainments at their fine villa, one of the latest being in honour of the King of Sweden, who is a great friend of theirs and godfather to their youngest daughter. Among the guests were Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg, a nephew of the Queen of Roumania, the Marquess and Marchioness of Huntly, the Countess of Londesborough, Lady Meux, Margaret Lady Waterlow—who has been the King's hostess while he is staying in Cannes for the tennis tournaments—Prince and Princess Pierre Galitzine, and Comte and Comtesse de la Salle.

BIG luncheon and dinner parties have been a special feature of the past week, especially at the Grand Hotel, where there are several every day. Major and Mrs. Hartford-Platt entertained a score of friends on Sunday to meet Prince and Princess Christian of Hesse, Admiral and Mrs. Da Costa gave a dinner and dance, Captain and Mrs. Bayntun-Roberts, of Jersey, had a cheery party to celebrate the christening of their son and heir, and the Marquis and Marquise d'Assche had an interesting dinner in honour of the King of Sweden. At the Ambassadeurs the biggest dinner-party of the season was one of 65 covers given by Miss Elsa Maxwell, when the King of Sweden—who must be our champion diner-out on the Riviera—headed a long list of notable guests.

THE Gala at the Hôtel de Paris at Monte Carlo, in aid of the Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital at Mont-Boron, was a triumph for all concerned, and although the cost of reserving a table was 1,000 francs, premiums were being offered for accommodation at the last minute. The Duke of Connaught had a large party of guests with him, and obviously enjoyed the whole show, as well he might, for the programme was exceptionally fine. Lady Churston and her daughter, the Hon. Joan Yarde-Buller, Mr. Eric Marshall, the popular English baritone, Miss Ethel Levy, Lady Patricia Russell, and an old favourite in the person of Adeline Genée.

DOUGLAS W. THORBURN.

IN ITALY *E. Benigni*

Some of the competitors who took part in the tournament recently held on the courts of the Bordighera Lawn Tennis Club. The photograph shows, among those standing: R. Gallipe (left), D. Greig, G. P. Hughes, K. Prasadu and Mrs. Bramley Moore. Seated: Miss Hunt (left), Miss C. Beckingham, Miss Ryan and Miss Lumley Ellis

Care of the Face Neck and Hands

JUNE'S METHOD

"No woman," says June, "is so gifted by nature with good looks in her youth that she can afford to neglect her beauty and fail to take proper precautions against dullness, coarseness, roughness and other blemishes that destroy the clear beauty of the skin. With an actress, of course, personal appearance is vital to her success. She *must* not allow the usual marks of fatigue or exposure to show on her face."

"How are they to be avoided?" I asked.

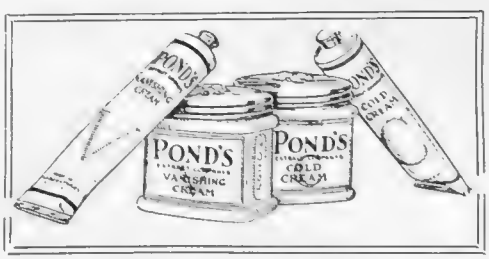
"I think," replied June, "that the skin can be kept perfectly clear and fresh by the daily use of Two Creams. You want, in the first place, a cleansing cream that gets into the pores, and in the second place a cream that can be used during the daytime to prevent the skin getting dry or roughened by exposure."

"What two creams do you use for this purpose?"

"For my night's cleansing I always use Pond's Cold Cream—during the day I use Pond's Vanishing Cream. Before I retire to rest, or perhaps occasionally after a long motor ride or any long exposure in the open air, I smooth Pond's Cold Cream into my *face, neck, and hands*, taking it off after a few moments with a wad of cotton wool. I find it brings out impurities, and leaves my skin looking wonderfully clear and refreshed, no matter how tiring a day I have had. I think it is a good idea, if the skin is inclined to be dry, to leave a thin film of the cream on all night."

"With regard to Pond's Vanishing Cream," concluded June, "I find it is a very pleasant cream to use, because of its pleasant, refreshing odour, and also because it disappears into the skin instantly. It gives the surface of the skin a very attractive appearance."

June.



EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS, USED BY COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF WOMEN TO MAKE AND KEEP THEIR COMPLEXIONS EXQUISITE.

Follow June's delightful method.

Every night and after any long exposure cleanse your *face, neck and hands* thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream—its pure, delicate oils will sink deep down into the pores, bringing to the surface all the impurities, restoring the skin's youthful suppleness.

After each application of Pond's Cold Cream save the last at night—finish off with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It will give the skin complete protection from sun, wind, and rain, and will instantly, without showing any sign of use, give you the charm of a fresh, smooth, velvety skin. Scented with the odour of Jacqueminot roses, it is a delightful cream to use on any convenient occasion, and forms a perfect base for powder.

Special Sample Offer.

Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 115), 103 St. John Street, E.C.1, will send for 2d. in stamps for postage and packing, a sample tube of both creams, sufficient to give the method a convincing trial. All chemists and stores sell Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream, in handsome opal jars, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., and in tubes, 7½d. (for handbag) and 1s.; the Cold Cream, also in extra large jars, 5s., and in extra large tubes, 2s. 6d.

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE" *Sketches by "THE TOUT"*

First Blood

FIRST blood to the bookmakers in the big handicaps of the season! Priory Park's victory at Lincoln left the majority of the layers with a notable margin of profit. I believe Mr. Jack Joel had a nice bet on his horse, but he certainly did not back him with the same spirit as he would have done in the old Sunstar days. The owner in question made an excellent investment when he took over the Foxhill stable from Mr. James White. The gallops there are among the finest in the world, and the late W. T. Robinson showed that it was a wonderful place at which to get horses fit in the early part of the year. Mr. J. B. Joel has had a disappointing time in his racing experiences since the end of the War, but I think brighter times are in store for him now that his horses are at Foxhill.

Congratulations

CONGRATULATIONS to Freddy Fox on his Lincoln triumph. Few things in recent racing have been more remarkable than the way this jockey has strengthened his reputation. It is the common idea that a jockey is too old at forty, but Fox has shown the utter fallacy of that supposition. Like Steve Donoghue, Fox had the advantage of being ideally befitted by nature for his profession. He never has to resort to wasting to ride at a reasonable weight, and, as we saw many times last season, his nerve is absolutely unimpaired. Sir Charles Hyde has given Fox a retainer for first claim on his services this season, and I hope this association will prove a successful one. What a great part lucks plays in racing. If Cimiez had not hit a leg a fortnight before the race Freddy Fox would not have ridden Priory Park.

Our Bloodstock

A GOOD deal of attention has naturally been aroused by the Aga Khan's article, in which he drew rather a gloomy picture of the future of the British thoroughbred. He would have us believe that before long France and the United States will supplant this country as the home of the finest thoroughbreds. Much the same thing has been predicted for many years past, but we still have no reason to suppose that our stock has deteriorated in any respect in comparison with that which is bred abroad. An idea has prevailed that the betting tax will prove harmful to the bloodstock breeding, but this menace, if you can describe it as a menace, is greatly exaggerated. I agree, however, with those who urge that some portion of the duty should be returned to racing in the shape of better stakes and improved accommodation for the public. In his latest utterances the Chancellor of the Exchequer does not hold out much hope that the betting tax will be rescinded or even considerably modified this year.

At Aintree

THE splendid gatherings we saw at Aintree last week did not suggest that there is very much wrong with the present condition of English racing. Lord Derby had some streaky luck on the opening day. He was more than hopeful of winning races with Highbrow and Sickle, but he did not have a great deal of confidence in Schiavoni. Yet the latter was the only one of the three which did the trick for him. The success of this horse is a genuine triumph for the Hon. George Lambton, who, though he has relinquished his trainer's licence, still manages the Stanley House horses. At one stage of his career Schiavoni looked rather a hopeless proposition, but Mr. Lambton never lost faith in him, and now the brother to Tranquil has added to the long list of cups won at Liverpool by the Stanley House horses.

A Classic Colt

I DO not suppose Lord Derby and his manager and trainer were greatly cast down when Sickle failed to fulfil expectations in the Union Jack Stakes. You cannot expect to have a Derby colt fit in the last week of March, and I am convinced that we did not see the best of Sickle at Liverpool. His spurt at one stage of the race showed that he has retained his brilliant speed, and I expect he will be one of the most discussed candidates for the Two Thousand when the first of the classic events comes round. Lack of condition and a heavy burden sufficed to stop him last week. I have seen famous horses beaten just as decisively under similar circumstances.

Newbury Cup

IT does not necessarily follow that the Lincoln form will be borne out at Newbury at the end of the present week. At this time of the year a fortnight makes a vast difference in the condition of a racehorse. You will remember how badly Condover ran in the Lincoln, yet he won the Newbury Cup in a canter. Last season Zionist was only just beaten on the Carholme, but he did not do nearly so well over the more severe Berkshire course. This time Orbindos naturally catches the eye. He is handicapped on Saturday in exactly the same way as he was at Lincoln. It will be interesting to see whether Gwilt will put up a lighter boy this time, as it is reasonable to assume that the overweight Orbindos carried at Lincoln lost him the race. In any case, I expect **Weissdorn** to reverse the placings with him. I was much impressed with the German horse's display last week, and he will improve as the result of that gallop. In all probability the field at Newbury will include Colorado, but I am content to depend on Weissdorn. I think **Bold Archer** will carry top weight to victory in the Three-Year-Old Handicap on Friday.

"'*I am judging,' said Mr. Plumdamas, 'that this reprieve wadna stand gude in the auld Scots law, when the kingdom* was *a kingdom.'*

"'*I dinna ken muckle about the law,' answered Mrs. Howden; 'but I ken, when we had a king, and a chancellor, and parliament men o' our ain, we could aye peeble them wi' stanes when they werena gude bairns—But naebody's nails can reach the length o' Lunnon.'*

"*. . . . 'Ye may say that . . . .' responded Plumdamas; 'and then sic an host of idle English gaugers and excisemen as hae come down to vex and torment us, that an honest man canna fetch sae muckle as a bit anker o' brandy frae Leith to the Lawnmarket, but he's likely to be rubbit o' the very gudes he's bought and paid for . . . .'*"

HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

An old grievance, Peter. That they clap a duty upon the good things of life has stirred many an honest man to protest. Yet the goodness of jovial, kindly Black & White, Peter, might have persuaded even you to pay that duty cheerfully. Peter Plumdamas was pure Scotch. So is Black & White.

BLACK & WHITE
SCOTCH WHISKY

James Buchanan & Co. Ltd Scotch Whisky Distillers

London & Glasgow.

LIPICTURES

BY VICTOR HICKS

No. 3: MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD

An impression of the clever American actress who has taken a firm hold on the affections of the London public. She has signed the portrait with her lipstick and "sealed and delivered" it with her lips in a way as unconventional as it is charming

FEMINA

ON FURNISHING SMALL HOUSES

By MRS. M VINCE

THE last time I visited Olympia was at Christmas, when the midgets were at the Circus. I thought of them at once when I went there again the other day to see the "Village of New Ideas." The village was a great deal too large for midgets, but somehow it seemed a size too small for human beings. That is what is wrong with the planning and furnishing of a great many of the small modern houses. The designers have provided everything except the right size of human being to live comfortably in them.

SOME of the rooms are very small—too small for comfort. One bedroom was so small that the bed had to be stood on end up against the wall so that we could pass through it. On the other hand, many of the rooms were a fair size, and some were quite large. It was the decorating and furnishing of the houses rather than the planning that made ordinary human beings seem a little too large for them. You can only make small rooms look large by furnishing them as small rooms. In these houses the opposite plan had been followed of trying to make them look large by imitating the furniture of large houses. The effect of that is simply to make them look and feel smaller than they really are.

IT is not only a question of square feet and inches. If it were it would be simple. Anyone can calculate whether there is space for a table or a bed or a desk of any given size in a given room. Though, as a matter of fact, judging by many rooms which one sees those who furnished them have not troubled to make even that simple calculation. But it is more than a question of feet and inches, it is a question also of colour and design. That is the important thing which is so often forgotten. Some rooms are too small for certain colours; and of two pieces of furniture, which are exactly the same size, one may be too big for the room, while the other is not, simply because the first is more elaborate in design. It is not enough to have small furniture, one must have simple furniture if one is to make the most of the space in small rooms.

THERE were examples in plenty in the houses of the Village of New Ideas of the mistake of colours and designs put into small rooms where there was not the space for them. One very small hall, for example, had walls of lacquer-red. With a cooler colour it would have looked half as large again. There was a dining-room so crowded with colours and patterns that a room twice the size would have been too small for them. It had an imitation Chinese wall-paper, covered with trees, hedges and pagodas, on a gold background. It had bright orange curtains, and an orange carpet. It had lamp-shades painted with flowers, furniture-covers in broad stripes of orange, black and red, and a huge black cushion on the sofa with a flaming red eye. As if all these were not enough, there were coloured pictures of Venetian scenes on the walls. Venice once held the gorgeous East in fee, but this does not make Chinese pagodas a suitable background for showing off water-colours of the Grand Canal.

IN the bedrooms, most of which were small, this form of overcrowding was very noticeable. Nearly all the beds, though they were of small size, or they could not have been got into the rooms, had large-patterned embroidered bedspreads. One of the smallest of the bedrooms, so small that the bed had to be against the wall, had window curtains with a large pattern of red, pink and mauve poppies and blue convolvuluses on a black background, and an emerald-green bedspread with a wreath of huge poppies. I am not concerned with whether or not such designs were beautiful in themselves. They were simply many sizes too large for the room. In another bedroom, instead of the plain furniture which its size required, there was a wardrobe with a design formed of three separate patterns.

MOST of the drawing-rooms had those small, very low tea-tables which are now so fashionable. Personally I think it is a mistake to have one piece of furniture so much out of proportion with the rest. But the odd thing about them in these houses was that they were too small for small rooms. They made the rest of the furniture look so big.

BUT of all the rooms the most curious was one described in the catalogue as "a separate living-room which kindly consideration has provided for the staff." To begin with it was badly planned. It had the dining-room on one side, the pantry and the kitchen on the other, so that it was a thoroughfare, and had to have two doors. Its small fireplace was in a corner, so that only one person could sit by it. It was a room not for a "staff," but for one person, and it was furnished so as to be uncomfortable even for one, with a number of pieces of furniture all too small for an ordinary sized human being. There were two small chairs, there were no fewer than three very small tables, there was a very small desk with a book-case above, and there was a cabinet for china. In such a room two comfortable chairs, one table, and a good cupboard on the wall were all the furniture that there was space for. The furniture as it was might have given "the staff" at first glance the delightful feeling of being treated "like real ladies." But I think that before a week was out they would give up the comfortless gentility of that absurd little room.

MONNA D'ELTA *Hal Linden*

Who has joined the cast of the "Lido Lady," the successful musical play at the Gaiety. She has a good voice and plays the violin expertly

Langfier Studios

A BRILLIANT SOPRANO

Miss Violette Browne, whose work is well known in the concert world. She gave a very successful recital at the Wigmore Hall on March 16

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

A FREAK HAND

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

From Cochin, Malabar Coast, South India, comes an inquiry from a reader about a hand which has several points of interest.

At love all in the rubber game Z dealt himself this freak hand:—S.—3; H.—9, 8, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2; D.—2; C.—A, Q, 8, 7. What should he bid?

My correspondent writes that there was considerable discussion as to what Z should have said. "Two of the players argued that Hearts should have been called at once, and, while agreeing that 'One Heart' was not a defensible call, they maintained that 'Two Hearts' would have warned Z's partner to expect something unusual.

"The opposition, on the other hand, stated that they did not recognise an original call of two of a suit as being justifiable in any circumstances. Z's best policy was to say 'No bid.' It was very unlikely that one or other of his singleton suits or No-Trumps would not be called, and he would then be in a position to bid Hearts on the second round. The only risk was that the hand might be thrown in, but if Y had so weak a hand that he could not make any call, it was highly improbable that Z could have made game."

. . . . . .

Now, in my opinion, there is no doubt that on this hand Z should pass. To bid "One Heart" on it would, I consider, be wrong and misleading to partner. To bid "Two" would be ambiguous. An initial bid of "Three" would be an absolute gamble. Essentially it is the type of hand for a second-round bid after hearing what opponents and partner have got to say.

The risk of the hand being thrown in is negligible. There must be some good cards about, and it is highly improbable that all would pass.

. . . . . .

The real danger of passing on Z's hand is that a pre-emptive bid of "Three Spades" might be made against him by A, and in this case he cannot without immense risk show his Hearts at all. But although I am all for taking a sporting chance, I think Z should be content to pass and hope for the best.

In actual practice this happened:—Z and A said "No bid," and Y, holding S.—Q, 9, 8, 5; H.—A, J, 7; D.—A, K, Q, 10, 6; C.—K, bid "Two Diamonds." B said "No bid." Z then bid "Two Hearts," and all passed.

Z made five by cards, losing only one Spade and one Heart. My correspondent asks:—

"(1) In Y's position would you not have called No-Trumps instead of Diamonds? (2) If Y had called '*One* Diamond,' as I think he should have done (if he called the suit at all), should Z have taken him out into '*Two* Hearts'?"

My view is that Y should have called "One No-Trump," and should certainly not have called "Two Diamonds." If he had called "One Diamond," Z should have taken out into "Two Hearts," both to deny the suit and to show length. A second-round bid of "Two" is quite a different proposition from an initial bid of "Two."

If Y had called "One No-Trump," Z must then, of course, take out into "Two Hearts," and go on to "Three Hearts" if Y persists with "Two No-Trumps."

Nine Cards to A, K, J

A correspondent writes me with reference to the vexed question of taking the finesse on second round when player and partner hold nine cards between them and A, K, J in one hand. My correspondent states that the odds are *11 to 10 in favour of the drop and against* the finesse on second round. His analysis shows that:—

(1) The drop succeeds in 53 cases in 100.
(2) Finesse on second round succeeds in 51 cases in 100.
(3) Immediate finesse succeeds in 44 cases in 100.

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THAT'S A FINE MIXTURE!"

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BUT

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A SPOT MORE

Schweppes
SODA WATER!"

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UNDER THE RED FLAG—DOG SPECIALISTS

By THE "KENNELMAN"

THE striking growth each year of the Kensington Canine Society's one-day Show in Holland Park (the Royal Borough is tremendously doggy) necessitated a bigger venue, and now nothing less than the Crystal Palace is big enough for this fashionably popular function. The date is next Thursday, April 7; so book it now. The following Saturday brings a big Alsatian Show at Birmingham; and it's worth remembering that the South Coast Kennel Society holds its Show at Brighton on April 21.

A reader now travelling in Poland writes apropos recent reference on this page to the success of Dog Shows in Russia, and the popularity there of the English breeds. "It is sad to see the way in which Bolshevist dominion has hampered every kind of sport, and in many Russian centres the Dog-folk have suffered hardly less misery than men and women of their kind—I mean the well-bred kind. But it's perfectly true that Red rule has not yet substituted hate for the love that the better sort of Russians have always felt for Dogs, to whom they are kinder than to their horses, for instance. I have just been reading a fascinating new 'Life of Turgenev,' published by Constable's of London, in which that great author's devotion to his Dogs is charmingly illustrated. Of one of his favourites, Boubout, who had English Setter's blood in her veins, it is written that 'It was for her that he took the *Journal des Débats*. She liked the paper. After a day's hunting she found it soothing and soporific. It was the only sheet large enough to cover her completely, and protect her from the flies when she wanted a doze.' THE BYSTANDER is no good for that job, but, cheu! what a boon it is to the wandering Briton, especially in nostalgic moments! And, if not ideal as a protection from flies, it makes a serviceable club or life-preserver in fending off the onslaught of hungry village mongrels, as I have proved."

Our Royal Veterinary College needs reconstruction, and funds are wanted for the purpose. Mrs. Barham-Dale writes: "I feel sure many fanciers and Dog-lovers would contribute to this, as to the Distemper Research Fund. But, like the latter, the College should give us a gesture of its willingness directly to serve Dogdom; and this it could easily do by instituting a separate degree for the Veterinary Canine Specialist. This would admit many gifted women Dog doctors, and, above all, it would guide and help us all as to which Vets. are and which are not experts in the treatment of Dogs. This degree for canine practitioners is badly needed."

With reference to specific hysteria as a canine disease, Mrs. Evelyn Ely writes (from 33 years of Dog-breeding experience) to *Our Dogs* to the effect that we should hear less of such troubles if people would keep steadily in mind the fact that the Dog is a meat-eating animal, and that, especially in puppyhood cannot thrive on a sloppy or mainly farinaceous diet. Concentration rather than bulk is what he needs, and full 50 per cent. of his food should be flesh.

The name of the intestinal antiseptic recently mentioned as useful for Dogs immediately prior to the ordeals of exhibition is Kerol. (Refer to Cooper, McDougall and Robertson, of Berkhampsted.)

Licences are required for all puppies at the age of six months; and at the same time, if not before, every pedigree pup deserves registration in Kennel Club (84, Piccadilly) archives. The fee is now only 2s. 6d.

Yes, hound-gloves improve the appearance of smooth-coated varieties, but they don't wash out the need for the brush.

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We have a large and interesting assortment of Frocks for Tea Time and Thé Dansant wear, many of which are exact copies of Paris models, and made in our own workrooms from rich quality materials. They include styles suitable for young ladies and matrons, who require a Tea Frock perfectly cut, distinctive in style, and at the same time moderate in price.

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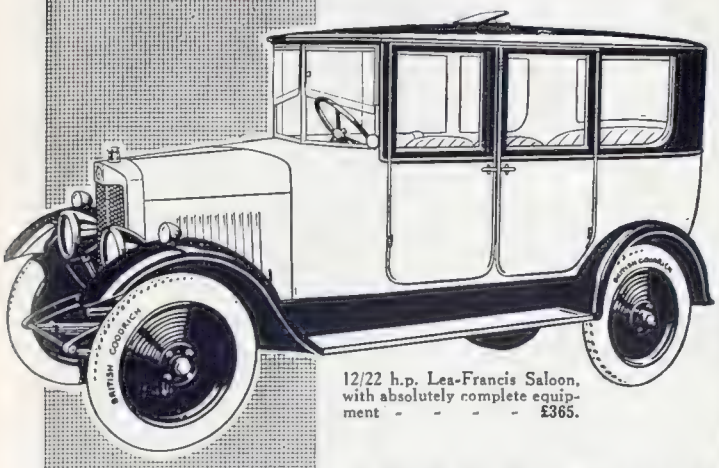

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ROUGH GOING

A Rolls-Royce on the way from Bulawayo to Victoria Falls. The poles mark out the "road" for the benefit of travellers

MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD

Soon we shall be in April, which will bring us Summer Time on the 10th, Easter from the 15th to the 18th, and the first Brooklands Meeting on Easter Monday. The recent sunny weather has given a foretaste of the motoring conditions which will obtain during the Easter holidays, the fact that during those four days motorists will have to drive in long processions. With cars coming on the road at the rate of 2,000 per week, it will soon be impossible to set one's own gait on a journey, as one will have to adopt the speed of the car at the head of the procession.

The issue of the draft Road Traffic Bill has been welcomed by all motorists. It has been circulated by the Minister of Transport for purposes of discussion and with a view to obtaining the greatest possible measure of general agreement. The Government is in no way committed to the details of the Bill. The most important proposals are in respect of the speed limit. Alternative clauses are included, and the first alternative provides that there shall be no maximum limit of speed. Should this proposal be adopted a new offence will be instituted, namely, careless driving as distinct from dangerous driving. The second alternative clause provides for a maximum speed limit, and there is then a suggested proviso that a person prosecuted for driving a motor car at a speed in excess of the prescribed limit would not be convicted if he could prove that the speed at which he is driving was not actually excessive, although he was technically exceeding the set limit. It will be interesting to see which proposal is finally adopted. The general opinion seems to be in favour of a maximum limit, say 40 m.p.h., with the proviso already described.

* * *

The A.C. car, an excellent production, has undergone many vicissitudes recently, which finally resulted in the sale of the company. It was purchased for the sum of £135,000 by Mr. S. F. Edge, the famous motorist, and under this one-man control the car should have a better opportunity of enjoying the popularity which it deserves.

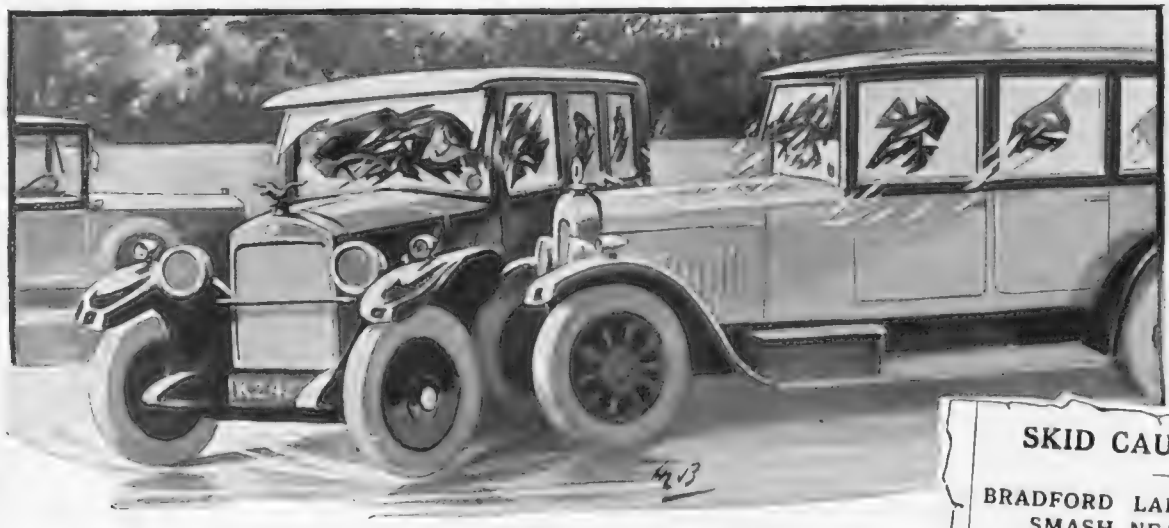
* * *

Any reduction in the price of fuel is always warmly welcomed by motorists. At the time of writing the price of fuel is lower than it has been for many years. Sundry reasons have been evolved to explain this low cost, but the real reason may perhaps be found in the competition of "pirate" companies. There is a possibility, if the present competition is removed, that the cost of fuel will rise.

* * *

Everything tending towards tyre economy is of interest to motorists. I therefore wish to draw attention to a scheme which has been put out by the Associated Rubber Manufacturers, Ltd., the makers of Almagam retread and Ballonette tyres. Any motorist requiring a retread for low pres-

(*Continued on page* viii)



"CUT BY FLYING GLASS"

AND IT MAY BE YOUR TURN NEXT. Statistics prove that 65% of personal injuries in motoring accidents are caused by flying glass splinters. Why not eliminate for ever this grave peril by having your car fitted with *Triplex*—the glass that cannot splinter nor fly in any circumstances. Normal orders for *Triplex* can now be dispatched in 7-10 days.

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The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd., 1, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W. 1; also The Triplex Safety Glass Company of North America, Inc., 75, West St., New York.

Extract from the "Yorkshire Observer," November 11th, 1926.

SKID CAUSES COLLISON.

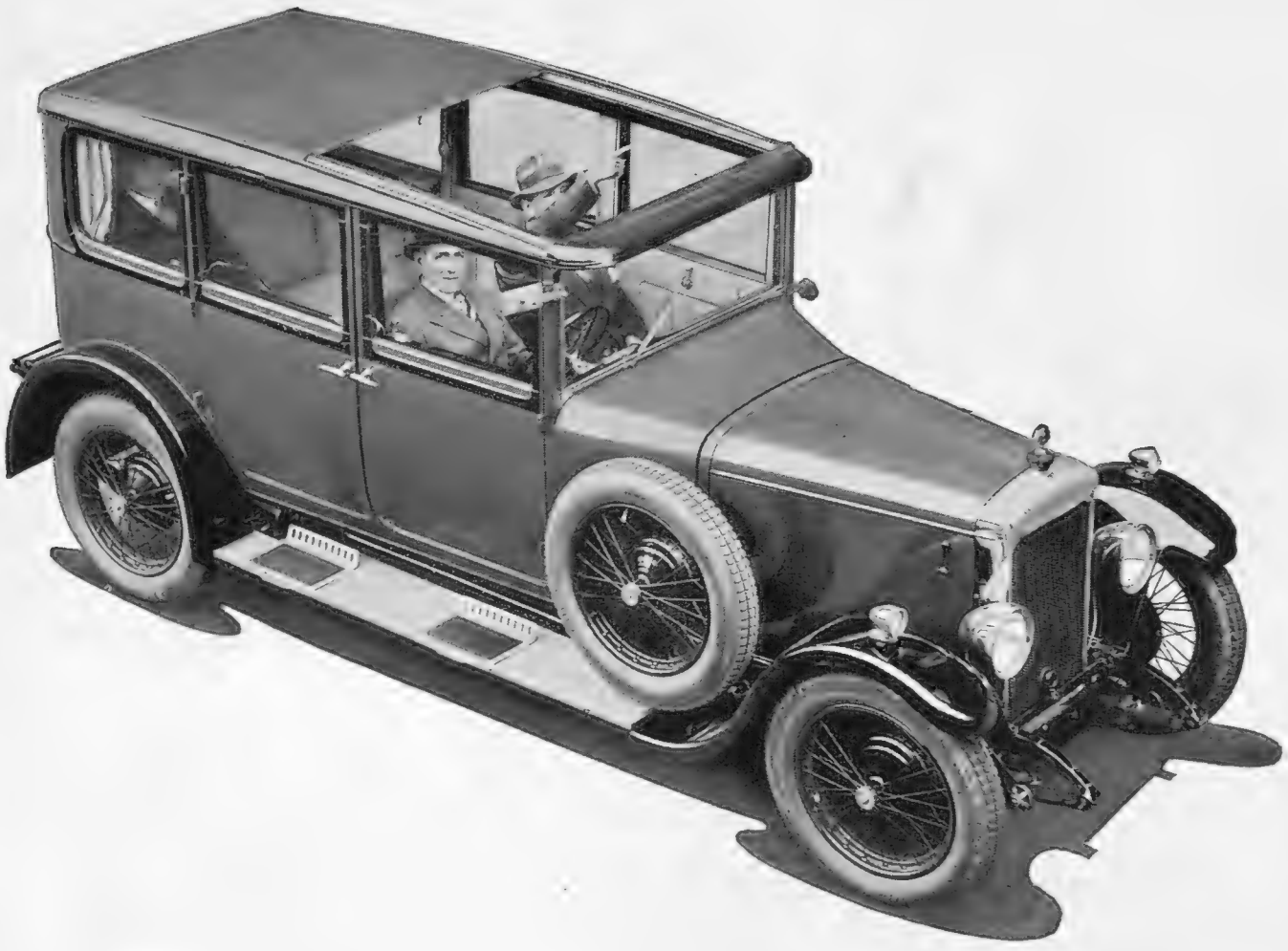
BRADFORD LADY HURT IN MOTOR SMASH NEAR CHELTENHAM.

A Bradford lady, Mrs. [redacted], the wife of Mr. [redacted], of [redacted], 417, [redacted] was badly shaken and cut by flying glass in a motor accident near Cheltenham yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. [redacted] were riding in their car, which was driven by their chauffeur, Mr. [redacted], of 12, [redacted] Street, Bradford, when the car suddenly skidded on the greasy road and collided with another car, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. [redacted] of [redacted], London, which also had skidded.

There was a terrific impact, and the [redacted] car was turned completely round, and practically all the glass was broken, and the occupants of the car were thrown out. Mr and Mrs. [redacted] were not thrown out of their car, but Mrs. [redacted] was much shaken and bruised, and she and Mrs. [redacted], who also was bruised and cut by glass, were taken to a nursing home.

Kennington Service.



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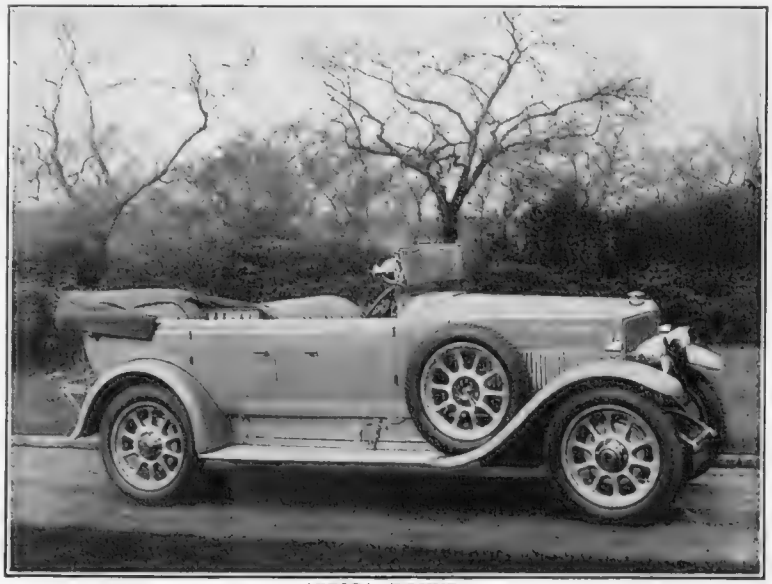
sure or balloon tyres, or for six certain sizes of high-pressure tyres, can send his covers to this firm for treatment. A certain charge is made for this fitting, but when subsequently a new tyre is ordered the cost of the retread is deducted. Thus in effect the purchaser of a new cover gets his retread free. Alternatively, a new tyre may be purchased in the first place and one can subsequently be sent for retreading free of charge.

* *
*

An example of smart repair work has recently come to my notice. A 16-50 h.p. Rover saloon was recently crashed on the Coventry-London road. Immediately they were notified the Rover Repair Department sent out and towed the car to Coventry, where an examination showed that the chassis frame was so badly buckled through the collision that a new frame would be necessary. This, of course, meant that the car had to be entirely dismantled and every component removed and rebuilt on a new chassis frame. This would seem to indicate that the car would be out of commission for some considerable time, yet with such expedition were the repairs effected that the car was out on the road again for test within three days.

Circumstances suddenly compelled me to make a rapid trip to Bath and back in the same day recently, and I was very fortunate in having at my disposal a 20-98 h.p. type T.L. six-cylinder Grande Sports Darracq fitted with a dome top Weymann saloon body. My destination may suggest that one of my passengers was due for cure, and comfort and protection were therefore essential, as well as speed of travel. Such was indeed the case, and the Darracq discharged its duties in the most estimable manner. The engine is under three litres, while the chassis dimensions, as also those of the body, are on the generous side, yet so well does the engine do its work that the trip was carried out in almost record time, in spite of beastly weather and high winds. The Darracq is a most attractive car both in appearance and in its running, and it is really surprising to learn that the total cost of the car is only £875.

George C. Stead.



AFRICA BOUND

A Crossley Six ready to start on its journey to the Dark Continent. It was specially built for a prominent Nigerian chief, the Emir of Kano

Rover's Half Century

Fifty years ago this month the Rover Company came into being in a world very different from the one we live in today. The bicycle then ruled the road, and it was in the work of producing these machines that Rover's made that great reputation for sound, reliable workmanship allied to most modern innovations. From March 21 to March 26 the company held a Rover Week throughout the country to celebrate their fiftieth birthday. Special displays of the latest Rover cars, of which two are made, the 9-20 h.p. known as the "Nippy Nine" and the 16-50 h.p., "The Silken Sixteen." It is gratifying to learn that Rover Week proved a great success and fully justified the initiative of the company in promoting it.

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TYPE J1 6/-

Admittedly K.L.G.'s cost more than other plugs. If, therefore, you find them in your new car, you may be sure that strenuous test and experience — not cost — was the deciding factor in the makers' choice of equipment.

It is important to fit the correct type of "K.L.G." All good garages have our Chart of recommendations, while in case of difficulty our Technical Department is always at your service.

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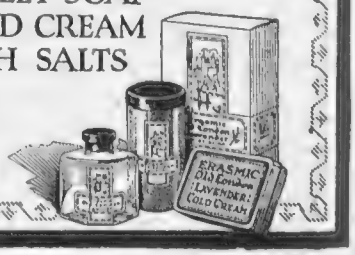


EL 6-26

FASHION'S FANCIES

By MRS. JACK MAY

EXCELLENT, yet again excellent, was the verdict passed on dresses seen at Reville, Ltd., Hanover Square, the other day at a dress display, a show honoured by Royalty and many celebrities. While following the trend of the moment these artists have a particular *flair* for adding a certain note of distinction that is wholly their own, and it is a foregone conclusion that many women will call upon Reville, Ltd., for their court gowns. One scented an inspiration in a black georgette creation, all soft draperies with long, sling pieces attached to either shoulder that resolved into two pointed trains. Another all-black confection having an amazing cuff of silver and *diamanté* on one sleeve only that reached the elbow. Calfskin played a prominent part in connection with both jumper-suits and coats, the finest pleated skirts of *crêpe de Chine* being accompanied by jumpers of Angora or kasha. The situation at Hanover Square may be summed up as follows. Straight, slim line, clinging skirts, as short as ever for day, but inclined to be slightly increased in length for evening; the best of materials and a considerable amount of embroidery on suitable models, together with fringe.

Cool and Dainty Au Dessous

THERE is nothing that gives a woman a greater sense of luxury than the smooth, slippery feel of silk next to the skin; and thanks to the great firm of Courtauld it is in the power of us all to participate in the pleasant sensation by the use of Xantha, a fabric of artificial silk that in every way equals the costly genuine article. Indeed, in some respects it is superior, since it never ladders, a terrible failing in many silk weaves of a like character, while its washing qualities leave nothing to be desired; garments fashioned of Xantha, moreover, retain their silky texture and shape to the end. The firm, too, has shown the greatest taste and acumen in the choice of colours, offering a full range of delicate nuances for *au dessous*, and another, of brighter tones, for summer frocks and jumpers. In the adjoining group our artist reveals three supremely attractive and inspiring undergarments: a pair of cami-knickers, a slim princess petticoat, and a straight evening chemise, each garment decoratively finished with fine lace. To add to its great attraction Xantha is characterised by a striped effect, and it is obtainable at all the leading drapery houses.

Three seductive *au dessous* garments fashioned of Courtauld's Xantha trimmed fine lace. This fascinating material is ideal for summer wear and can also be utilised for frocks and jumpers

Sketches by Margot

New Hats for Spring

IT is one thing—and frequently quite easy—to acquire a name and some fame, but quite another story to keep these up to full concert pitch for many years. And no sort of bubble reputation is that of Jenners, Princes Street, Edinburgh, a house renowned, it may be truthfully said, the world over for soundness and integrity. The millinery provided here is of outstanding value, alike for its fine taste, quality and moderate prices. Of the new Spring felt models we are fortunately in a position to illustrate three. The extreme left-hand example is a feather-weight felt, made from the new long-haired felt, a model that has a con-

From Jenners, Princes Street, Edinburgh, are these smart Spring felt hats. The first, a veritable feather-weight with contrasting under brim. The next with vagabond brim having a tucked crown, and simply banded with ribbon. The third is specially designed for older women, with a soft crown and adaptable brim. Jenners run their shapes through a long range of colours

Suggestions for the "Home Beautiful" designed and made by Williamson and Cole, Clapham, including the Sun-Juan curtain appliquéd with Parrot Bough cretonne. The Newville armchair, with rose and honeysuckle loose cretonne cover, and the Hollyhock oval rug

trasting under brim and is trimmed with *faille* ribbon. In all the fashionable colours and combinations this hat is priced at 25*s.* 6*d.* More or less of the vagabond genre is the second *chapeau*, the tucked crown plainly trimmed with a band and bow of ribbon. Also in a long and modish range of colours, this model is selling at 29*s.* 6*d.* Older women who are not shingled frequently find it most difficult to secure a hat that is suitable to them in style and size, and will consequently be glad to hear that the third model has been especially devised for them. Boasting a soft crown that can be worn high or low, and an adaptable brim that can be adjusted to any angle most becoming to the wearer, this shape assuredly fills a long-felt want, and costs only 29*s.* 6*d.* Jenners, however, are by no means concentrating all their attention on felts. In view of the certain big demand they are equally well equipped with straws; the majority of that light *souple* order that can be folded and treated similar to felt; the chief mediums employed being Japanese straw, crochet visca, and Bally Buntle.

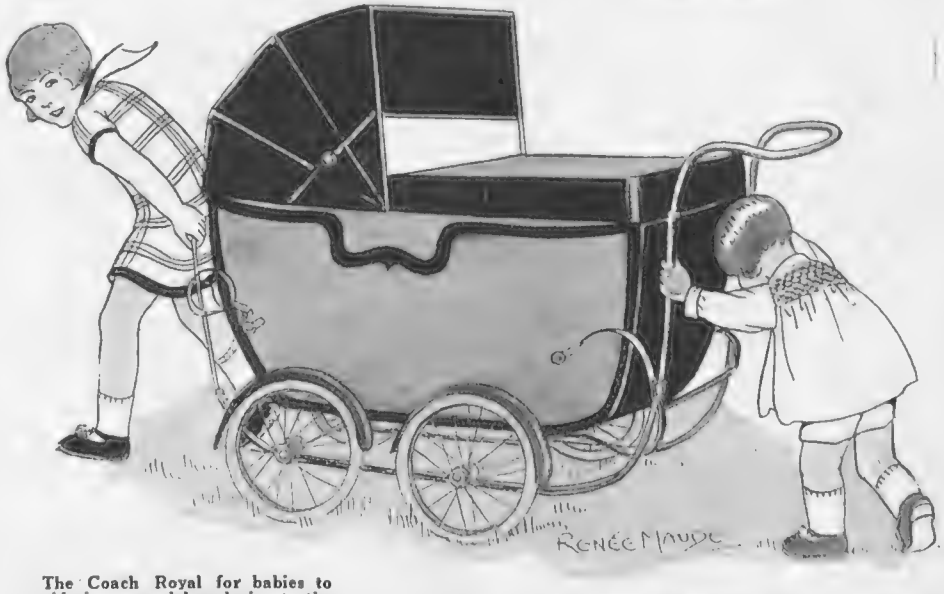
The Home Beautiful and Artistic

It is extraordinary the number of people, amateurs so to say, who imagine they have a particular *flair* for furnishing and colour schemes, and without the least experience or study rush into the fray like the proverbial fools who venture where angels fear to tread. Really artistic furnishing is a lifetime job, and even those blessed with an innate sense of colour require an immense amount of knowledge, and the useful experience of many disappointments ere they arrive at anything approaching success. But let these intrepid ones have an hour's talk with Mr. Cole, of Williamson and Cole, Clapham High Street, and they will, as the advertisement says, hear something to their advantage. Mr. Cole is an artist and great enthusiast, and has done more than anyone to bring artistic furnishing not only to a high pitch of perfection, but at prices within the reach of moderate incomes. He has, furthermore, made a special study of the small house and flat accommodation, and designs furniture and furnishing schemes in harmony with these restricted spaces. One frequently remarks in these salons both the Chinese and Japanese influence in characteristic lightness of design, a clear example of which is provided in the Parrot Bough curtains illustrated. These delightful window draperies are composed of Sun-Juan velvet, ornamented with cretonne *appliqué*. They measure 2½ yards long by 50 inches wide, and cost £2 17*s.* 6*d.*, the colourings including Malmaison, black, ruby, sapphire, orange, pearl-grey, goblin-blue, and moth-wing. In the designing of comfortable armchairs Williamson and Cole have no compeers. They are built under personal supervision in the firm's own factory, every model designed and poised to accord rest and ease. The Newville illustrated is a case in point, and extraordinarily cheap, considering its fine character, at 48*s.* 6*d.*; or complete with loose cover of cretonne in a charming rose and honeysuckle design the price is 73*s.* Mr. Cole, too, has decided opinions on the importance of the right type of rug or carpet. A most attractive affair is the hollyhock oval rug depicted. This has a fawn ground figured over in green and orange, with surround of black. A considerable amount of this firm's business is conducted through the post, aided by a lavishly illustrated book, "The Home Beautiful."

For King, or Queen, Baby

To duly appreciate the great improvements made of late years in baby carriages it is necessary to look backwards to the old bone-shakers that were as uncomfortable to the small occupant as they were cumbersome and unwieldy for the nurse to handle. The pioneers of the improvements accorded perambulators are Dunkley, practically all of which can be traced home to these experts. Each spring cushion, in fact, every additional refinement, has been prompted by thought of baby's safety and welfare. All mothers may rest content when their baby is riding in a Dunkley, a favour the latter shares with princes and princesses. There are models to be bought from 5 guineas to 50 guineas, or a cash deposit is accepted, with monthly payments.

(*Continued on page* xiv)



The Coach Royal for babies to ride in—a model exclusive to the well-known makers, Dunkley

Sketches by Renée Maude

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Buy and Build British

The advice, given everywhere to-day, to "Buy British" is especially true in the portable building industry, and few firms have gained a finer reputation for their productions than Messrs. Browne and Lilly, Ltd., of Thames Road, Reading. This firm, which specialises in the construction of bungalows, cottage homes, pavilions, and similar buildings, gives the most convincing proof that the use of British materials and British labour produces the finest results.

Easter Gifts

Next to Christmas, Easter is the time when children most look forward to receiving gifts, and Easter eggs are as popular to-day as ever. Messrs. Fry, of chocolate fame, are quite awake to the importance the small people attach to attractive gifts, and this year their Easter novelties are more varied and delightful than ever. They range from chocolate eggs tied with ribbon and filled with Richmond chocolates at 6s., to milk chocolate eggs at 1d. Between these extremes is a whole host of novel and attractive chocolate gifts, all of which are certain to appeal to the eye and taste of children.

The "Cottabunga" building, constructed by Messrs. Browne and Lilly, Ltd., of Reading

The Holiday Question

A new 224 page book, "Holidays Abroad," has recently been brought out. Illustrating and describing resorts famous as health spas, sports centres, mountaineering haunts and places of architectural interest, it gives exhaustive details of the excursions which may be taken from each centre. It also gives a complete list of railway fares, hotel charges, tour taxes, and every expense the traveller will incur during the holiday—a very welcome inclusion nowadays. "Holidays Abroad" is to be obtained gratis from George Lunn's Tours, Ltd., 74, Wigmore Street, W.1.; 12, Victoria Street, Manchester, or 3, Rue de l'Opera, Paris.

Cocktails for Health

The "Hercules" health-cocktails are famous for creating appetite and stimulating digestion, and, moreover, have remarkable strength-giving attributes. The "Hercules" Tonic Apéritif contains the properties of Yerba-Maté, which has won the high opinion of doctors in all countries, and it is on Maté that the Gauchos of Argentina and Brazil depend chiefly for sustenance. "Hercules" cocktails are served at all leading bars, and can be had plain or combined with spirits such as whisky and gin. The price of "Hercules" is 6s. per bottle, and it is made by E. & F. Newall, Ltd. (Dept. 6), 10, Philpot Lane, E.C.3.

A FRY'S CHOCOLATE EASTER EGG

Travel de Luxe in Switzerland

A Train de Luxe will be run, by way of a trial, on the Gotthard line from September 1 to November 16, 1927, and from March 15 to June 15, 1928. One division of the train will run from Bâle and one from Zurich, connecting at Arth Goldau. Each division will be made up of one luggage car and one 1st class and one 2nd class Pullman car, these latter being supplied by the International Sleeping Car Company. The train will leave Bâle at 7.12, Zurich at 8.15, and Lucerne at 8.44 a.m., arriving at Milan about 2 p.m. On the return journey it will leave Milan about 4 p.m. and reach Lucerne at 9.17 p.m., Zurich at 9.38 p.m., and Bâle at 10.44 p.m.

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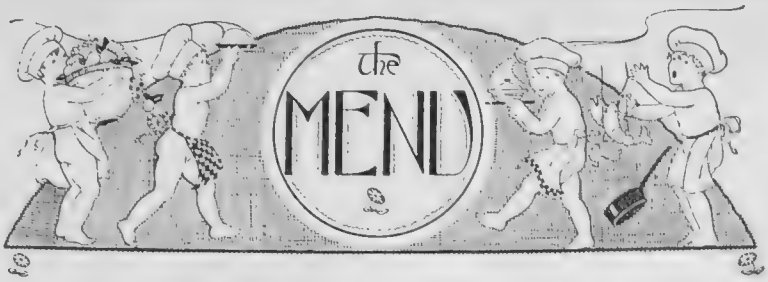

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A MOULD OF RHUBARB.
OYSTER TOAST.
COFFEE. LIQUEURS.

Grape Fruit à l'Américaine

REMOVE all the fruit out of three large grape fruits, being careful not to break through the skins. Put all the fruit, with its juice, in a basin, and set on ice for three hours or so, to get thoroughly cold. Pour into the basin one tablespoonful of liqueur and castor sugar. Mix well together and replace the prepared fruit in the skins (half to each person). Decorate with crystallised cherries.

Salmon à la Maître d'Hotel

Divide a piece of salmon into slices of half an inch, and then mix on a plate two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, and a teaspoonful of salt and pepper, and turn the slices of fish in this on both sides. Place under a gas broiler and broil for five minutes on each side. Place in a very hot dish. Spread *maître d'hotel* butter over them (butter mixed with lemon juice, salt, and parsley, finely chopped). Garnish with parsley or watercress, and serve.

Fricassée of Chicken with Olives

Cut a chicken into joints, fry them in butter or olive oil in a *sauté*-pan. Pour off the oil or butter, and add a minced shallot. Let this cook a little, then moisten with some well-seasoned brown sauce. Cover the pan, and cook gently for thirty-five minutes more. About fifteen minutes before serving add twenty stuffed olives, and dish up on a *croûton* of fried bread. Pour the sauce round and serve.

A Mould of Rhubarb

Cut up 1 lb. of forced rhubarb, and put it into a stew-pan with the peel of a lemon, 1 oz. of granulated sugar, and half a pint of water. When it is quite soft rub through a sieve. Melt 1 oz. of gelatine in half a gill of water, stir this into the rhubarb *purée*, add a few drops of cochineal, and put into a mould to set. A little whipped cream on the top of the mould is an improvement when served.

Oyster Toast

Take two dozen oysters, and, after having taken off the beards and hard parts, parboil them in their own liquor, and mince them fine. Bone, mince, and rub two anchovies through a sieve, and add them to the oysters, with two tablespoonfuls of thick cream and a pinch of cayenne. Heat this all together, and spread on lightly buttered toast. This must be served very hot. EMILIA.

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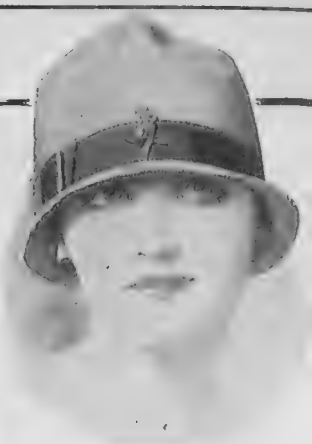

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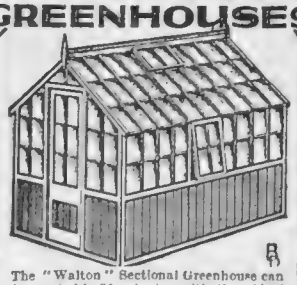

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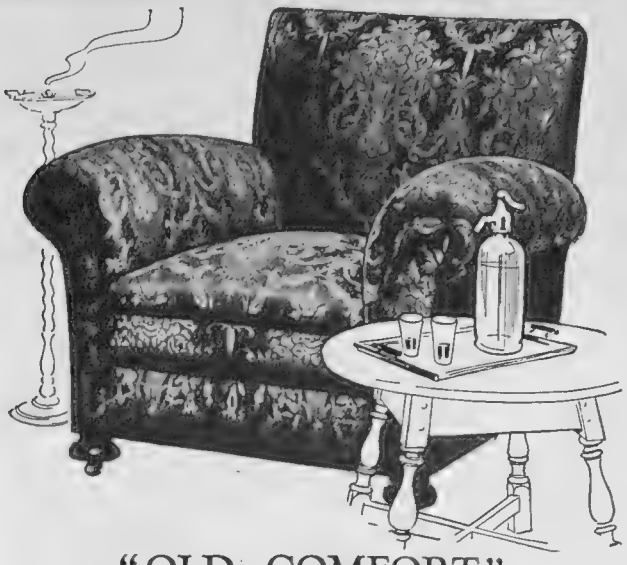

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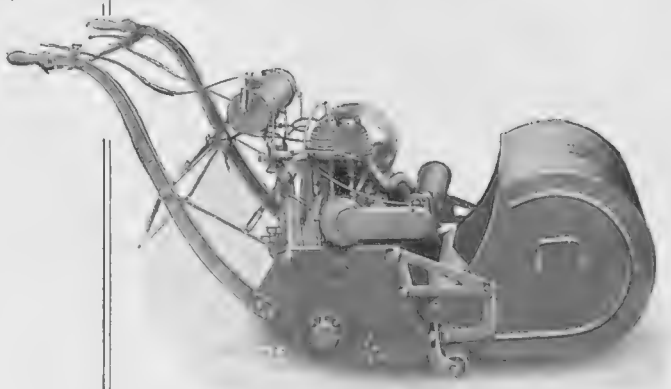

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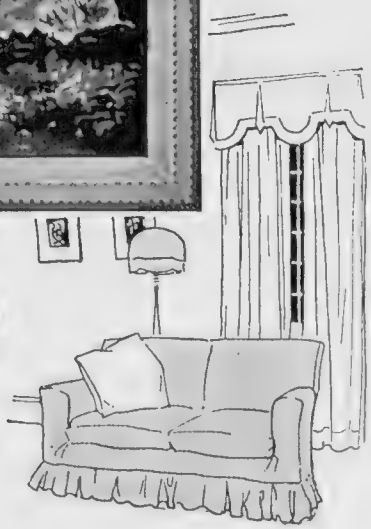

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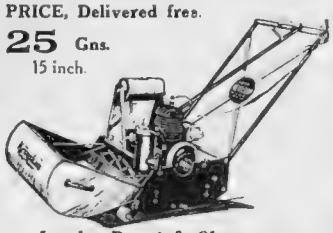

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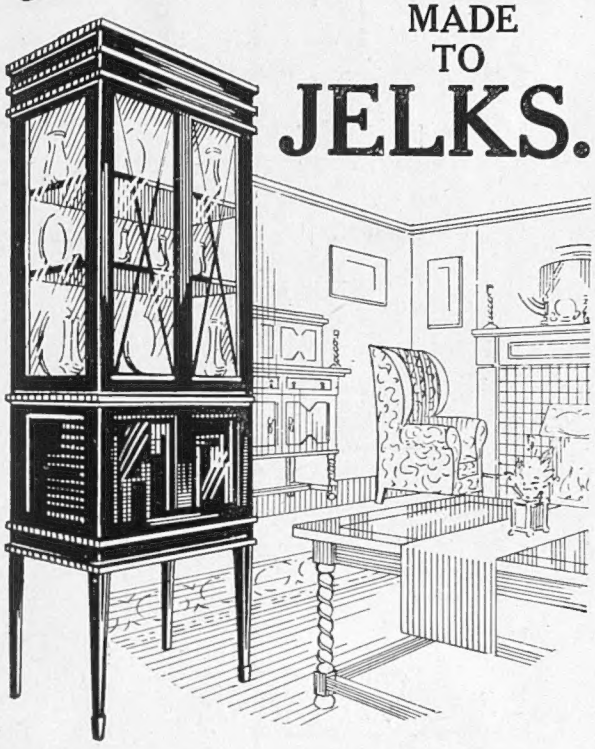

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